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The Churches in National Life-IV

### Should the Church be Disestablished?

A Discussion between Professor NATHANIEL MICKLEM and Professor JOHN MARTIN CREED

The Rev. Nathaniel Micklem, Principal and Professor of Dogmatic Theology, Mansfield College, Oxford, attacks the existing status of the Church of England; which is defended by the Rev. John Martin Creed, Ely Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge

ROFESSOR NATHANIEL MICKLEM:
In my view the present position of the Church of England as a privileged sect cannot be defended. Please note that I am not saying that there should be no recognition of Christianity by the State, nor am I concerned about finance. I am saying only that no one sect should be in a position of unique privilege. I suppose it would not be very far from the mark to say that in this country of those who are actively and effectively and constantly and whole-heartedly church members, about half are not members of the Church of England. A truly national Church must truly represent the Christians of the nation.

Do not begin to say that it is our fault we are outside the Church of England. It is not our fault. The first Nonconformists arose at the time of the Elizabethan settlement. They proclaimed that 'the Lord's people are of the willing sort', that it was impossible 'by one blast of Queen Elizabeth's trumpet' to turn the motley throng that constituted the nation into a Christian Church, for the Church consists only of believing Christians and their children. This principle is not sectarian, and would be very generally accepted by all parties today. The second birthday of Nonconformity was the Ejectment of 1662 under the Act of Uniformity. Prior to that Act there was, I take it, something like a national Church, but, by political pressure, one party in the Church achieved a complete victory and above 2,000 ministers—some of the most loved, the most learned, and the most pious in the Church—were summarily ejected because they could not with conscience remain. That was the date when the Church of England elected to be a sect, and a sect it has remained.

The next great separation was the hiving off of the Methodist movement—a terrible spiritual impoverishment of the Church. That tragedy was recognised as such too late. I am sure that no human wisdom could have avoided some Nonconformity. But I say that to deliberate policy is due the fact that half the religious life of the nation is outside the so-called national Church, and that

what calls itself the national Church is in effect a sect, and as such has no right to a position of special privilege.

That is my first point.

PROFESSOR JOHN MARTIN CREED: If you challenge on grounds of high principle the legitimacy of an existing institution which I and others value, then certainly we must set ourselves to explain, to justify, to defend. But in defending the Church of England by law established I seem to myself to be defending no mere institution, but an idea—an idea which, as I maintain, has lived and moved in the history of our country, which is present now in the consciousness of our people, and which, in my belief, is destined to fulfil itself, in changed forms no doubt, in the future. It is because the Church of England has represented, and does represent, the idea of the national Church of the English people, that I seek to defend it. I must in due course justify this idea of a national Church and consider it in relation to the conception of the Christian Church as a universal society. But before I do this I must say a word in answer to your attempt to disallow the premises from which I start. You deny that the Church of England is, or since 1662 has been, a national Church. Your view seems to be that while there was in some sense at any rate a national Church from the time of Elizabeth down to the Commonwealth, by the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, and the deprivations of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Church of England became a sect, not essentially different from the other sects which repudiated its order, except that it enjoyed an unfair privilege from the State. I take it that neither you nor I need feel ourselves bound to applaud or to justify all that has been done by, or in the name of, our spiritual ancestors. You would deplore the extrusion of pious and learned clergymen when the Puritans were on top, as I deplore the rigours of the Restoration legal code. At the same time we can both recognise that the close intercommunication of political issues and religious differences in the seven-teenth century must be taken into the reckoning, if we are to do justice to either side. But surely you simplify too much. Of course I recognise that after 1662 there was organised separation such as there had not been before. But I don't agree that the Church of England became essentially different from what it was before. There was no change in principle. The Prayer Book of 1662 in all essentials was the Prayer Book of Elizabeth and of the first Stewarts. You may state the case against the Restoration settlement as strongly as you like, but that does not affect the fact that good or bad—it was both good and bad in my view-it was accepted and established by the nation. It wasn't true then, and it has never been true since, that the Church of England became the Church of a single party. What about the Whigs and Latitudinarians in the Church of the Restoration? Their influence did not grow less as time wore on. My point is this: I agree that Church and nation have not been co-terminous; I recognise, of course, the existence of Christian bodies outside the national Church; but all this does not affect the fact that the country as a whole has pretty consistently recognised that it has rights in and duties towards the Church of England, and that the Church of England has felt itself to have obligations to the country as a whole. That relationship has coloured both Church and nation and it justifies me in calling the Church of England the national Church. Your view that the Church of England is just a sect won't agree with the facts. You perhaps disapprove of the facts. I suppose the real difference between us is the value which we put upon them.

N. M.: There is force in what you say, but this won't

quite do. In defending the Church of England you say you are defending an idea. But the Church of England as by law established is an institution, not an idea. I am very willing to discuss with you the idea of a national Church, and we will come on to that. Meanwhile you do not seriously question my claim that the Church of England is not properly a national Church in the sense of representing something like

the whole religious life of England. You say 'the country as a whole has pretty consistently recognised that it has rights in and duties towards the Church of England'. Well certainly I and my fellow-churchmen have rights in the Church of England if it be a national Church. You cannot exclude me and mine upon the basis of your Articles. There was a time when you tried to compel Nonconformists to conform. Your exclusion of them now seems to me an act of sectarianism. I do not press the point, however, because although the degree to which you have turned the Table of the Lord, open to all believers, into the Table of the Church of England, closed to half your fellow-Christians, seems to me of the essence of schism and sectarianism.

J. C.: I am very glad to hear that testimonial of yours to the comprehensive character of our Articles; and I accept your statement, which I think obvious, that you and your fellow-churchmen have rights in the Church of England. I notice without any sort of resentment that you use these rights pretty freely. We Church of England folk, since our Church is the national Church, and under public control, must expect people like yourself to have your say about our concerns, which are also your concerns. One other point: when you say that we of the Church of England refuse the communion to half our fellow-Christians, I don't accept the statement. You know, of course, that the right of Nonconformists to receive the communion in church is firmly established in English Church history, and I think you have a grievance against some of us; but taking the situation as a whole today, I

think your picture is a bit out of perspective.

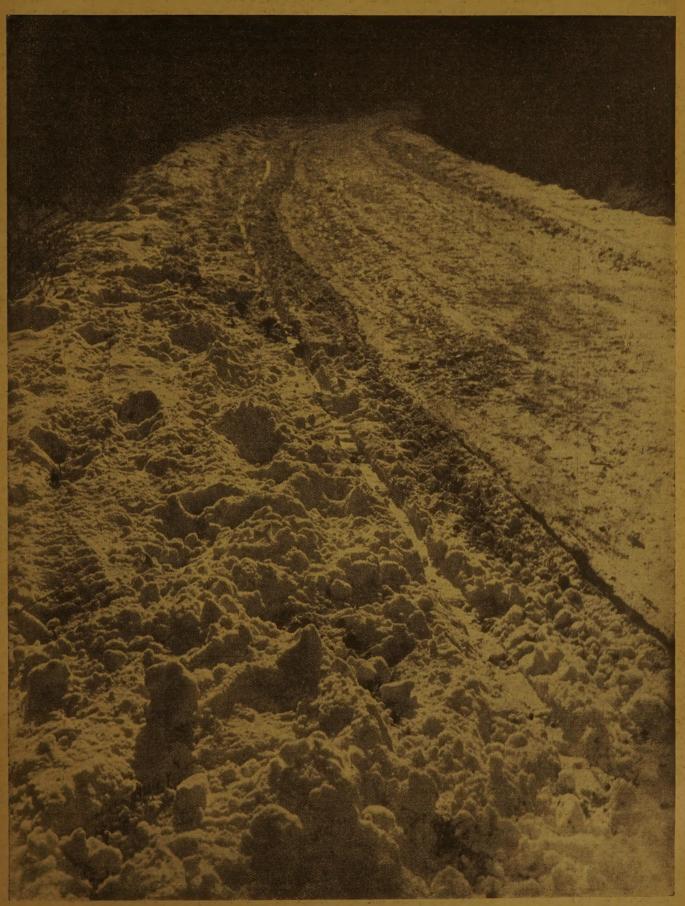
N. M.: Possibly; but even if you quite satisfied me here there would still be Nonconformity. I am not now arguing about the idea of a national Church, nor about the State recognition of religion; I am merely claiming that the existing situation is inconsistent with true churchmanship. I should agree with you that the State is concerned with morals and with property; I should insist more than you would upon the inalienable spiritual rights of the laity; but I should lay it down as a fundamental principle that in all spiritual matters the Church of Christ is self-governing. In this matter it is we Free Churchmen who are the true heirs to the spiritual inheritance of the Middle Ages. You have carried over the threefold ministry of bishops, priests, and deacons. You claim apostolic succession. Well, as long as you understand by that a succession in apostolic office and not a succession of apostolic men, I shall not quarrel with you. But that is hardly a spiritual issue. We have carried over from the Middle Ages the sense of the Church as the Body of Christ which is free and sovereign, which must dictate to the nations on the basis of the Word of God, and which must suffer no dictation from without.

I say it is in principle intolerable that Parliament, which consists of Anglicans, Free Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Jews and infidels, may decide what prayers may and may not be said in the Christian Church, how the mystery of the Holy Communion may and may not be celebrated; intolerable that the judicial committee of the Privy Council, which may not have a single Christian upon it, should be able to override the decision of the authorities of the Church, and that the Crown, acting through the Prime Minister, should appoint the officials and leaders of the Church. I am sure I could elaborate this in detail to your grave discomfiture. I am content, however, simply to state that all subjection of the Church to the civil authority in matters spiritual is despite done to 'the Crown rights of the Lord Jesus Christ', that the Church can recognise only one head and governor which is Jesus Christ, and under Him one standard and rule of faith and conduct which is the Word of God.

J. C.: I am not in the least worried by these horrible enormities—Bishops appointed by the Crown, Parliament considering a Prayer Book, and so on and so forth. They aren't enormities to me, because I take the idea of a national

(Continued on page 413)

# The Bend in the Road



Photograph: Horace Nichella

Inquiry into the Unknown-VIII

# Ghosts and Haunted Houses

By SIR ERNEST BENNETT, M.P.

LL down the centuries, in all countries, civilised and uncivilised alike, stories of ghosts and apparitions persist, and in the present age, too, amid the ever-increasing conquests of scientific discovery, it is certain that men and women, with sound minds and sound bodies, do from time to time see phantasms of both living and dead persons under circumstances which rule out illusion or deception.

I shall not attempt to say more here about phantasms of the living—though they are more numerous than those of the dead—than that this phenomenon is usually explained as the result of telepathy, conscious or unconscious, between the person seen and the seer. Nor shall I attempt to lead you into the dark and dubious surroundings of the materialising seance and its

alleged produc-tion of partial or complete fig-ures. Neverthe-less, from my own personal experience of sittings with well-known mediums like Florence Cook, Eusapia Paladino, Éva C. and others, I feel that, despite the environment of fraud which so often surrounds physical mediumship, the baffling pheno-mena of the materialising seance cannot be entirely ig-nored by any serious student of psychical research.

It is with the ghost in the ordinary sense of the word that we are mainly concerned here—that is, the apparition of a dead person. It is only within the last fifty years that any serious attempt has been made to deal scientifically with these abnormal experiences, which occur more frequently than is generally supposed. In 1889 the Psychical Research Society organised a Census of Hallucinations covering Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany and Italy, and replies were invited to the following question: Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being, or of hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to an external physical cause? Seventeen thousand answers were received, of which 9.9—say 10—per cent. were in the affirmative.

Of the very large number of narratives which have reached

Of the very large number of narratives which have reached the Society a careful selection has been made from time to time. The first-hand evidence has been analysed and every possible channel of corroboration explored. We learn from this exhaustive study of selected narratives: first, that a large majority of apparitions appear at or near the death of the deceased person; second, that apparitions are seen in any light from dawn to daylight, sometimes with a luminosity of their own; they appear in any house, ancient or quite modern, and are seen by persons of every type, quite independently of their health, temperament or intellectual capacity; and, third, that apparitions are seen not only by individuals at odd moments and places, but, unless one's mind is closed entirely to human testimony, ghosts of a more persistent type are associated with certain localities and houses.

That apparitions of the dead are seen is attested by a veritable cloud of tried and tested witnesses. How are we to account for these abnormal appearances? The old and popular view is that they are the spirits of dead men in the sense of objective things, existing in space externally to ourselves—things that are always there but only occasionally perceived when through some unknown cause our eyes are, so to speak, opened to behold these beings from another sphere of existence. Some support is accorded to this view by cases where the figure is seen successively and in different places by independent witnesses.

Another explanation takes the line of least resistance by maintaining that all apparitions are purely subjective, the result simply and solely of hallucination, due to nothing

beyond some abnormal condition of the percipient's nervous or digestive system. Such a solution seems quite inade-Halluquate. cination in the case of normal individuals is a very rare phenomenon, and of the collective hallucination of such persons medical science knows nothing. Further, when two or three ordinary people without any expectancy or suggestion from others see an apparition simultaneously, is it probable that they are all un-



When this photograph, taken in an apparently empty room, was developed, the head and body of an elderly gentleman appeared sitting in the chair on the left—bearing a strong resemblance to the late owner of the house whose funeral was in progress exactly at the time the photograph was taken (1891)

consciously suffering from the same special form of neurasthenia or dyspepsia at the same moment?

The best working hypothesis seems to be that of telepathy from those who are dead. If we attribute the phantasm of a living person to some conscious or unconscious volition on the part of the individual seen, precisely the same explanation may be applied to the apparitions of those who have died. The significance of this solution, if it be the correct one, need scarcely be pointed out—a mind capable of volition survives the grave. This explanation appears to me the only one which covers the facts before us; nor need it, one would think, disturb the minds of a broadcasting audience, the vast majority of vhom profess some form of a religion definitely based on the doctrine of a future life. Further, although science in general does not yet accept the existence of a discarnate intelligence, it does not regard it as intrinsically incredible or impossible. And, indeed, if we accept telepathy as proved and so admit the existence of a psychic or spiritual force, apart altogether from the ordinary channels of sense, can we reasonably deny a priori that in such a phase of existence disembodied personalities, minds, spirits—call them what you like—may find a place?

The question can, it is true, be asked whether such apparitions are necessarily due to the agency of the dead, or genuinely represent the personalities of the departed whom they resemble. In many cases these appearances are fugitive and fleeting: the figure moves along a passage or enters a room without paying any attention to the living percipient. On one only of the many occasions when the Cheltenham apparition

was visible to persons singly or collectively was any recognition of the percipient's presence at all apparent. On the other hand, there are many evidential cases in which the figure unmistakably resembling the deceased person exhibits a definite purpose in its appearance and a continued knowledge of earthly conditions. When, for instance, a clergyman sees in broad daylight the figure of a young man, of whose illness he has heard nothing, looking at him with an eager and anxious expression as if longing to speak; and then learns subsequently that this young man had died three days before and had been disturbed for hours at the failure of the clergyman—thanks to the neglect of the parents—to visit him, it is difficult to resist the

conviction that such an apparition was due to the post-mortem agency of the deceased.

It is, of course, impossible to attempt much here in the way of detailed evidence, and I can only refer those who may be interested in the subject to the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. There are, however, two types of evidence which seem to possess a special value and significance—apparitions witnessed by more than one person simultaneously, and those seen by quite young children. One of the best of the collective cases is that of a haunted house where identically the same figure of a woman in black with a handkerchief held to her face was repeatedly seen over a period of seven years, sometimes by two, three or four persons simultaneously. In another case two persons see an apparition at the same moment, and two others, quite independently, and unaware of the experiences of the first pair, see the same figure a little later on. We have, too, a number of well-authenticated narratives of apparitions seen by dying children of

three years or so, or by their young brothers and sisters present in the room. Surely these little ones knew nothing of death and its problems, but they clearly recognised beside them the faces and figures of relatives and others whom they, in their brief lives, knew and loved. Even so strong an antispiritist as Professor Richet of Paris admits that it is almost impossible in these cases to resist the belief that the figures seen are veritable personalities of the dead.

Nobody could expect the recital of a few detached ghost stories, however well authenticated, to bring conviction to anyone. But a careful study of some 400 such stories selected for their first-hand evidence, and well attested corroboration, does, I feel, produce a cumulative effect of compelling weight and significance.

Nevertheless, however varied and, to my mind, irresistible our evidence may be, it suffers from one serious defect—it is now, and for the present generation, largely out of date. Since the early efforts of the Psychical Research Society to secure authentic records of ghosts and apparitions, we have added comparatively little to our store of first-class testimony. Very few individuals have either time or opportunity to consult the mass of evidence which was accumulated by the devoted and unselfish labours of Myers; Gurney, Podmore, Barrett, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, Richard Hodgson of the

United States, and others. With the exception of that gifted lady, Mrs. Sidgwick, who is happily still with us, all these early pioneers have passed away, and more than fifty years have rolled by since many of the events they recorded took place.

The old records were sound enough, but a younger generation needs fresh facts and fresh evidence. That such first-hand evidence exists today I am convinced. Even a limited census with 17,000 answers produced results of amazing interest and value: surely the source of these psychic experiences cannot be dried up, nor the mental and spiritual conditions of the human race materially altered in so short a period. The subject of ghosts is not, I am afraid, a popular one. In some middle-class

circles it is generally not considered good form to mention ghosts except in a jocular way: and many devout Christians who anticipate, with some assurance, eternal happiness hereafter, regard any mention of disembodied spirits as an unpleasant and depressing topic. Others there are, however, in whose eyes the ordinary aims and preoccupations of life, however necessary they are for a useful and happy existence in this world, are perhaps less important than the vast possibilities which may be opened up by the proved facts of psychic research.

To thoughful men and women of this type I want to make an appeal for any fresh evidence they can furnish. Let me then repeat the old question of the census in simpler form. Have you ever seen an apparition under circumstances which rule out illusion, trickery or mal-observation? I beg those of you who have been fortunate enough to have had these psychic experiences to let me know. Any information addressed to me at Broadcasting House will be most gratefully received, and in no case

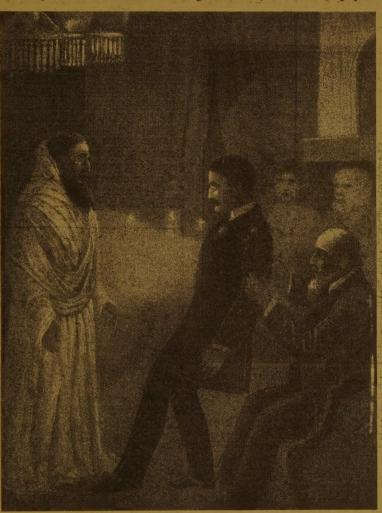
phantom, through William Eglinton,

No

Illustrations by courtesy of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research

will either names or places be published without the definite permission of the senders. I ask your help not only in the name of science generally, which includes all terrestrial experiences within its frontiers, but of a special branch of scientific investigation which may open up to the human race an avenue of eternal hope and help to furnish a solution of the great misgiving:

Whether 'tis ampler day, divinelier lit, Or homeless night without.



Alleged materialisation of a full-form phantom, through William Eglinton, c, 1880

Next week Sir Oliver Lodge, in his contribution to this series of talks, will discuss the question: Do We Survive?

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Art

# Greek Art Brought Up to Date

By ROGER FRY

ZERVOS' L'Art en Grèce\* is a most entertaining book. It consists of nearly three hundred and seventy illustrations of works of art in Greece accompanied by several short essays. The illustrations are admirably reproduced on a large scale—they take us from pre-historic beginnings to the eighteenth century. They are chosen with extraordinary care but from a single

point of view. In the whole book there are only two or three reproductions that would have been cognised by previous generations as belonging to the Greek art they admired.

It was Winckelman who in the eighteenth century gave a new impetus to the study of Greek art and started that almost religious, enthusiasm for it which continued throughout the nineteenth



Votive mask in terracotta found in the temple of Artemis Orthia at Sparta. End of 7th century, beginning of 6th century B.C.

art thus worshipped was that of Pheidias, Praxiteles and Skopas, i.e., of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. Pre-Pheidian art was lumped together as archaic and Hellenistic art as decadent. It was held that the true principles of Greek art were exemplified only in that short period, and the works of that period were regarded as the highest artistic achievement that the world has ever known. Gradually people tired of the facile elegance of Praxiteleian art and began to appreciate more and more the austerer, archaic forms and to despise still more the

later Hellenistic developments.

And now the love of the primitive has gone so far that M. Zervos has managed to make Greek art look surprisingly like the Negro and Polynesian arts which are so much more in fashion than the sophisticated and accomplished arts of the 'golden ages' of Greece and Italy. There is hardly a reproduction in this book from which Winckelman, Ingres and Goethe would not have turned in horror and disgust. Hardly a page they would have recognised as expressing the Greek spirit. To them this book would have appeared a vulgar blasphemy against truth and beauty, although every object represented is a perfect photographic reproduction of a Greek original.

In fact it is a masterpiece of falsification by selection. And in this work M. Zervos has been ably seconded by a brilliant Greek photographer, M. Seraf. By choosing some peculiar angle of vision and by careful lighting he has managed again and again to give a quite strange and unfamiliar air to some well-known original. But, of course, the main instrument in this entertaining and sumptuous caricature of Greek Art is selection. We begin with some almost shapeless fragments of neolithic terracotta which might pass for specimens of ultra-modern abstract sculpture. Then follow pages of early Cycladic figures with the vaguest suggestions of human form, some of which have the disproportion of Negro figures, others monstrous elongations of the head. These have, at first glance, a superficial likeness to some of Picasso's most extravagant experiments in form. Mycenæan art is treated by an enlargement of details of heads from the well-known 'Harvesters' on the steatite cup from Crete—otherwise by pottery figures of very rough peasant workmanship which have none of the main characteristics of

Then by careful choice of details from geometric vases we get once more suggestions of Negro art and Picasso. A similar result is gained by picking the roughest, most provincial of the eighth- and seventh-century bronzes—and always the lighting is cleverly arranged to underline the effects of distortion—and no less skilful is the presentation on the page. Half-a-dozen terracotta grotesque masks from Sparta, of the seventh century, were a godsend to the author, since they are marked with a system of parallel lines which closely resemble the tattooings of some Negro masks. These, which are almost unique in Greek art, are reproduced magnificently in life-size photographs, one to a page.

Careful choice of sixth-century art still provides some unfamiliar figures. The Gorgon from Corfu has a quasi-Cambodian air. The goggle-eyed, three-headed Typhon of the Acro-

polis Museum is, of course, well-known but always gives one something of a shock. The primitive and childish figures of horsemen in archaic Bæotian pottery might come from almost any primitive

And so the story goes on. Among the extremely pretty Koræ, the marble statues of beautiful women of the Acropolis, M. Zervos has picked out one with staring painted eyes who approximates to a very smartly madeup mannequin, and finally he skates carefully round the great period of Pheidian



Statuette of warrior found in Thessaly. Geometric period

art, steering from one comic terracotta or inferior vase painting to another so as altogether to conceal from the spectator the hideous fact that the Greeks produced the Elgin marbles.

No attempt is made to face the horrors of Hellenistic art, which is regrettable. With the help of such a photographer as M. Seraf I would almost undertake to cull some examples which might decently be shown in the Rue de la Boetie without making the Negro idols blush. But perhaps it was wiser not to tempt providence by going too far. So, stopping short at this point, the author goes gaily and unhesitatingly through the examples of Byzantine art which can be found on Greek soil.

Here of course all is plain sailing. There is nothing to hurt the most modern sensibility.

No less than the plates the text is a fine flower of Parisian snobbism. M. Zervos and his colleagues are masters of that mystifying eloquence which casts a vague, poetico-philosophic glamour over everything it touches without ever coming to close terms with anything. M. Zervos has a moving passage on the beauty of Greek landscape and its profound influence on



Painting on a white vase in the National Museum, Athens. Middle of 5th century B.C.

the art:—'The landscape of Delphi implied the creation of a great sanctuary, that of Mycenæ provoked the tragedies of the house of the Atridæ, the landscape of the Eurotas and of Mount Taygetus dictated the Spartan rule, that of Corinth gave rise to a brilliant and sensual art, that of Attica caused the human genius to blossom'.

This sounds very convincing to anyone who has not been to Greece. Those who have, know how curiously the exact opposite is true. Sparta, which should be austere, is set in an earthly paradise which might well have produced the sensual art of Corinth, where, at all events today, there is scarcely a tree or a pool. Mycenæ, which should be tragic, overlooks a lovely verdant plain closed by mountains which suggest serenity and harmony—Wuthering Heights would suit the Atridæ better—and as for Attica, which M. Zervos says is the 'most harmonious corner of Greece', it is the one part of Greece where the landscape disappoints one, and Hymettus, which dominates Athens, is the only shapeless mountain of Greece. I believe M. Zervos went to Greece—perhaps he is a Greek—but he prefers his persuasive periods to the mere, odd, but surely more interesting, facts.

Apparently this book is the result of a tour in Greece by the authors of the essays it contains; M. Zervos the art critic, M. Corbusier the architect, M. Fernand Léger the cubist painter, M. Gueguen the poet and M. Jeanneret the musician. They all, in unison, declare how the real Greece was there revealed to them. For the first time they understood that the real Greece was that of the primitive and archaic periods, that the Greece which our fathers and grandfathers worshipped was merely the dead academic husk which remained when all life had left it. Now the admiration of archaic Greek art is considerably older than the century, so that, as far as that goes, the discovery is not a new one. But this sharp distinction between the archaic period and what used to be called the Golden Age is based on a very superficial understanding. For the qualities which distinguish archaic Greek from other arts of a similar kind, such as the Romanesque, really persist and arrive at a higher expression in the art of the Pheidian epoch. Similarly this new-found enthusiasm for the primitive beginnings—the Cycladic figures, for instance, or for the work of the seventh and eighth centuries—is not very well founded. For the special qualities which give value to such primitive arts as the Negro, Polynesian or Scythian are curiously absent from primitive Greek art. What we admire in the work of those cultures is the curious power they evince of evoking the idea of the inner life. In that almost magic power of many primitive artists the Greeks were singularly lacking. They did not so to speak 'live into' their images; they arrived at them from an external attitude of observation. So it was only when that external descriptive art arrived at its completest understanding of the human form that it found its full value. These Parisian authors are so taken by general stylistic resemblances that they have not penetrated to the important fundamental differences between Greek and Negro art. It would be better, I think, to reject their offer of the new negroid Greece and stick to Pheidas and even Praxiteles.

But that is no reason why we should not be grateful for the book in which this offer is made. It is difficult to praise too highly the excellence and profusion of its illustrations, the triumphs of its photography and the clearness and careful presentation of its reproductions.



The Crucifixion: detail from an ikon in the Byzantine Museum, Athens. 14th century A.D.

Illustrations from 'L'Art en Grèce'



# The Listener

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## The Noble Savage

N his recent lecture at the Royal Institution Professor Elliot-Smith revived and supported with scientific evidence the view originated by Rousseau that in his primitive condition man was gentle and good. The Hesiodic notion of a golden age makes an appeal to sensitive minds dissatisfied with our highly mechanised industrial civilisation, and encourages them to seek refreshment in what they imagine to have been the spontaneous emotional delights of the primitive way of life. Fifty years ago Gauguin fled to the South Seas. In our own time D. H. Lawrence wandered all over the world in an effort to discover a primitive Arcadia of his own fancy. And almost every movement in modern art has been to some extent influenced by primitive or at least archaic art forms. We have therefore at the present time primitive man and his achievements very much on our minds; and Professor Elliot-Smith's argument lends scientific support to the natural inclinations of the age.

There is an obvious contrast between this cult of the primitive in the mental field and the much less satisfactory relationship between ourselves and so-called primitive man in the world of affairs today. The very mechanisation which the sensitive artist deplores has brought the primitive and the civilised more closely face to face in the flesh than they ever were in the past. The African is at close quarters with the white man in the cities of America, while the European moves restlessly amid the immemorial places of the East. The resulting action and reaction is one of the most delicate problems of our time. We recently noticed in these pages the controversy aroused by Dr. H. L. Gordon's study of the native brain in Kenya, and his suggestion that educational methods suitable for the apparently better-developed brains of Europeans might have disastrous effects on African natives. Now we have the whole problem of the negro's contact with the white man studied and documented in a book reviewed elsewhere in this issue. In Miss Cunard's anthology, Negro, no fewer than 150 writers bear testimony to the 'exploitation, persecution, and ostracism' of a race which in isolation once achieved a high and delicate culture of its own. The book is a mournful comment on Professor ElliotSmith's contention that civilisation (German anthropologists, it should be noted, distinguish between Zivilisation and Kultur) brings with it in its progress all the ills with which we are beset. 'The creation of civilisation', he says, 'put an end to much of this Arcadian perfection, not merely by giving a spurious value to things to inspire envy and to squabble over, but also by developing causes of dispute and inventing the weapons to pursue such conflicts as they provoked'. In this declaration, we of the West, inventors of this complex civilisation, stand accused.

Yet it is questionable whether any solution or even comfort is to be found in the glorification of a primitive way of life which is inspired merely by a desire to escape from our present discomforts. After all, Rousseau, who said the same thing as Professor Elliot-Smith, seemed to lead merely in the direction of the French Revolution. Some kind of synthesis between advanced and primitive has to be worked out, perhaps on such lines as Miss Wrong suggests in her talk on 'Education in Africa'. We may at least take comfort from the fact that the process which Mr. Christopher Dawson has called 'cross-fertilisation of cultures' has shown powers of rapid germination and growth. There can be no real turning back either for the primitive or for the highly civilised. What we require is an unprejudiced area for experiment and the points where the two have to meet and influence one another. It may well be that highly civilised Europe has something to learn from its contact with the Dark Continent and with Asia, but that learning must not take the form of a romantic and uncritical pursuit of the primitive. We should use at least as much caution in drawing inspiration from it as we now use in applying to it the influence of European education.

### Week by Week

ITLER has repeatedly declared that the Saar is the one obstacle that stands between France and Germany. However this may be, it is clearly one of the most delicate and complicated issues that confront Europe today, and it is not likely to decrease in difficulty as the 1935 plebiscite draws near. Particularly opportune therefore is the publication, by the Information Department of Chatham House\*, of a memorandum (which the public can purchase for 2s.) which outlines clearly both the present position and the events that led up to it. The main situation is familiar, that next year the League of Nations, guided by the result of a local plebiscite, is to decide whether the Saar is to go to Germany, to France or to maintain its present Government by League of Nations Commission. The fact of there being a triple choice in itself makes the plebiscite a more delicate business than, for instance, that carried out in Upper Silesia in 1921, on the issue of incorporation into Germany or Poland. But the factors that make this issue of such moment are less generally known, and it is here this memorandum performs such valuable service. First, it shows clearly the alteration made in the outlook by the Nazification of Germany. Before, there was no question that the population, including the extreme left, was almost unanimously for return to Germany. Since then there has been mously for return to Germany. Since then there has been active Nazi propaganda in the Saar which, as usual, has worked both ways—leading some to demand return to Germany without waiting for the plebiscite, and intensifying others in their opposition to the Nazi regime. It is difficult to estimate the proportions of the factions; but the memorandum quotes the figures hazarded by foreign observers that 'not more than about 60 per cent. of the population are so sympathetic to the Nazi regime as to desire to incorporate themselves in a Nazi state'. The other 40 per cent, are faced with the dilemma of whether the best course would be to vote for incorporation into France (which few of them wish) or for the status quo. The report also points out the existence of French propaganda in the past; though it does not mention the case now before the Saar Court concerning seditious propaganda in the French

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mine schools. The real crux of the situation though is the economic question. If the Saar goes German, is France going to be compensated for the mines according to the terms of the Peace Treaty; if it stays as it is, will Germany continue to provide, as now, the chief outlet for its iron and steel exports, on favourable terms? On such vital points the memorandum provides information which the ordinary reader is not likely to come by elsewhere—e.g. figures showing the destination of the exports, and an examination of the financial side of industry which shows how the tendency has undoubtedly been for control to pass out of French hands during the last eight years. These points give some idea of the complexity of the question, and how easily it can be—and in 1935 is likely to be—distorted by national antagonisms or vested interests. This opportunity of getting an objective view should, therefore, not be missed.

Professor Seligman's reference to fire-walking in his broadcast early in February on 'Primitive Peoples and the Supernormal' has produced quite a lengthy correspondence in *The Times*. There is plenty of excellent evidence to prove that in connection with many magical ceremonies people, chiefly belonging to primitive races, are able to undergo the ordeal of walking across red-hot stones or red-hot embers without burning their feet or suffering pain. The question which arises is whether this phenomenon is to be accounted for in terms of mental or of physical causes. Professor Seligman maintained in his talk that the results of fire-walking, 'though astonishing, are little if at all due to suggestion, and not at all to any so-called supernormal process'. In support of this, Colonel Elliott pointed out in *The Times* that 'Orientals are in a class by themselves from the point of view of fire-walking, owing to the natural thickness of the soles of their feet', a point which he illustrated by reference to the picturesque refusal, described in the Book of Kings, of the dogs to devour the feet and palms of the hands of Queen Jezebel. On the other hand, Colonel Winby has pointed out that Europeans as well as Orientals have taken part in fire-walking trials with similar impunity to themselves, and that this impunity apparently extended to their clothing as well as their skin. The most curious feature is not so much that there should be no pain, as that there should be no ordinary evidence of singeing or burning. Steady progression without delay across the burning material, a certain amount of preliminary ceremonial to maintain courage, and the giving off of a layer of protective chemical vapour from the fire—all these may be contributory causes to the immunity. It seems as if no one cause, either purely physical or purely mental, can account for the phenomena.

History comes in for a fair share of these summer talks, chiefly in the seven p.m. series arranged under the auspices of the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education. Thursdays will be taken up with a review of the past, present and future of trade unionism in this country, going back a hundred years to the days of Robert Owen and the Tolpuddle Martyrs, whose centenary is being commemorated this summer in the historical part of the series. A novelty will be the introduction of two interludes or dramatised versions of important events in trade union history, particularly the episode of the Tol-puddle labourers and the events centring round the Sheffield outrages of 1867. After the history, leading trade unionists and others will discuss the present-day position of trade unionism and its problems and prospects for the future, including its international aspects. Another series which combines historical and international importance will be given on Mondays, dealing with 'The Treaty of Versailles and After'. We are now at such a distance from the Treaty that public men such as Lord Riddell, who had personal contacts with its makers, and modern historians such as Professor Webster and Professor Toynbee, can help us to see it and its consequences in true perspective. The second half of the series will present us with views of the Treaty as seen by the principal countries affected, Germany, Italy, France and America, as well as the League of Nations. Both this and the trade union series seem admirably adapted to the needs of listeners in discussion groups, but they will, of course, interest thousands beyond this. It might be added that the historical features of the summer talks programme are by no means exhausted with these two courses. There is to be a Sunday afternoon series of biographical sketches of 'Some Elizabethan Notables', by Dr. G. B. Harrison, well known for his diaries of Elizabethan England, and Mr. A. L. Rowse, of All Souls, Oxford. Burleigh, Sydney, Essex, Marlowe and Raleigh are among the figures which have been chosen to represent the spirit of the age. Those of an antiquarian turn of mind should also not miss the series of descriptive talks which Mr. G. M. Boumphrey is to make of our Roman roads. These talks are described as 'a series for those who make use of the countryside. Studying Roman roads provides a good excuse for making other observations on roads and their uses, on maps and map-making, on place names, on folklore and natural history, in fact, on almost anything which delights the intelligent traveller'.

According to the latest revised figures, the total number of wireless discussion groups during the autumn of 1933 was 690, of which 506 followed evening talks (chiefly the series arranged by the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education), 110 followed daytime series (chiefly the morning and afternoon talks for the unemployed), and 74 followed the concluding section of the talks on 'God and the World through Christian Eyes'. Of these 690 groups, 200 were organised in Yorkshire, 192 in the North-West, 134 in the West Midlands, and 129 in Scotland, where there was a remarkable increase over the autumn of 1932. The usual National Conference of wireless group leaders, which has been held in previous years in January, is to take place this year, on April 7, at Broadcasting House. As the term of office of the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education closes in July, it has been decided to substitute for the usual sectional meetings a general discussion on the broader issues of broadcast adult education and on reviewing the achievements of the past six years' work. The morning session will be devoted to a consideration of the programmes which have been broadcast in the past and their suitability as a medium of adult education. The principal speakers will be Colonel A. G. C. Dawnay, Controller of the Programme Division of the B.B.C., and Mr. C. A. Siepmann, Talks Director. In the afternoon the place of group listening in adult education will be reviewed, the speaker being Professor J. H. Nicholson, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Central Council. It is hoped that group leaders will give serious thought to the many problems involved, and will come prepared to discuss, on broad lines, the development of broadcast talks during the past six years.

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The Scottish Football Association recently uttered one of its periodic plaints regarding the tendency of our schools to desert the Association for the Rugby code of football in their organised games for boys. It is an old story now, but its reiteration indicates that the process has not been checked; and the general issue has certainly some interesting implications. The standard retort to the S.F.A. is that, as governing a highly commercialised game, it has not far to seek for an explanation of the tendency it deplores; but there is more than that at issue. Some headmasters have plainly stated that they regard Rugby as providing a better training in true sportsmanship than Soccer. Others have been bluntly charged with snobbery. And some have merely followed a fashion; for the popularity of Rugby in Scotland is very great just now, and the Internationals at Murrayfield have become social occasions of surprising brilliance. It is clear, at least, that a change is coming over Scottish education in its social aspects, and that the distinction between fee-paying and free schools becomes more marked. (Most of the backsliders to Rugby are of the type that used to be known as Higher Grade.) One striking symptom of self-consciousness in this matter was the recent outburst of a Glasgow clergyman against the imposition in a well-known secondary school of regulations affecting the dress of the pupils, the division of the school into 'houses' on the English plan, and other 'anglified' measures. The objection to the tendency, which is assuredly spreading, is based partly on a genuine belief in the excellence of the traditional system and partly on an uneasy suspicion of pretentiousness. The fact remains that social considerations pretentiousness. The fact remains that social considerations do nowadays powerfully affect the Scottish parent of the middle-classes. It used to be a rarity, and is now the accepted thing, that a son of the merchant type should proceed to his Public School in England. Whether that is a good thing or bad is another question

Foreign Affairs

## Europe's Interest in Austria

By VERNON BARTLETT

T is easier to deal with Austria now that the dust and smoke have blown away, but though the nature of the problem has been changed as a result of the fighting a fortnight ago, it is still there. Nor can it be solved by Dr. Dollfuss alone—it is an international problem. I saw in a French paper a day or two ago a bitter remark by a well-known Austrian writer. 'Whatever happens', he said, 'Austria is no longer an independent state. She will still appear as one on the maps if the Great Powers so will it. She is a strategic point—nothing more'. And the trouble is that his statement is very near the truth.

The Treaty of St. Germain cut the country down so drastically that, even in the most favourable political circumstances, its continued existence as an independent state would have been difficult. Although many believe Austria would have joined up with Germany after the War if the ex-allied Powers had allowed her to do so, and although these two countries are drawn together by the fact that they are the only two German-speaking countries in the world, there were millions of opponents to the union on both sides of the frontier. Austrian business men did not want to be overwhelmed by German industry. Austrian Catholics did not want to be dominated by Protestant Prussia. Austrians generally hated the stricter discipline of the German, and had had more than enough of it during the War. Germans did not want the union for just the same reasons, only the other way round. German Protestants, for example, did not like the idea of a union which would bring the Catholics in Germany up to numbers that nearly equalled their own. Prussians might have lost their domination if Austria were brought into the Reich. And so on. Thus Austria would have preferred to remain independent if she could manage to do so, but, if she could not, she would have preferred to unite with Germany than with any other

That was certainly the situation until National Socialism took over in Germany. It may be the situation today, but one cannot tell with absolute certainty. So much depends, for example, on the alternative solutions that can be offered to her. One cannot tell to how great an extent the pull towards Germany exerted by the fact that both countries speak the German tongue is cancelled by the anxiety of the Socialists—the largest party in Austria—to keep clear of a system of government which has dealt so drastically with Socialism in Germany. And at least three countries have confused the issue by carrying on propaganda to help the Heimwehr, the Austrian Nazis or the Austrian Socialists. As for the Austrian himself, in nine cases out of ten all he asks is to be left in peace to read his newspaper in his café.

The tragedy of it all is that no decent alternative to union with Germany has ever been offered and the union with Germany has never been allowed. The country has gone on from year to year losing hope, losing interest and learning to live on loans which other countries made to her in their desire to prevent the *Anschluss*, or Austro-German union.

The countries which used to form the Austro-Hungarian Empire were not going to grant special facilities to the country from whose capital they had been ruled for centuries. Consequently talk about an economic federation of the Danubian States, which might have made Austria prosperous once more, has remained mere talk.

Nor are other European countries sufficiently interested in the fate of Austria to go very far out of their way to assist her. They floated, and guaranteed, the League of Nations reconstruction loan, and for a long time the Austrian currency remained the most stable in Europe; and if the investor is not so enthusiastic about this loan now as he was, that is mainly because the world crisis has hit every country so badly that very few foreign loans arouse enthusiasm. But Austria needs markets more than money. So far we, in this country, have not been ready to make any modification of the Most Favoured

Nation Clause to help Austria to get markets over here. France has given a few facilities, especially, I believe, for the import of timber. Italy has made concessions for the Austrian use of Italian harbours.

I'm not saying that we ought to have done more. That is not my business. But I am saying that, if countries want Austria to remain really independent they must make sacrifices to get that want fulfilled. The countries that won the last War decided what the size and resources of Austria were to be. If we don't want to shoulder our responsibilities, we ought not to be surprised or shocked if Austria sells herself to the highest bidder.

What, then, are the possibilities? Social democracy in Austria is crushed. Socialists there may still be able to influence affairs, but they cannot control them. A Danubian federation, for reasons I have already pointed out, is no longer an immediate possibility. The country will have a dictator government under the influence either of Italy or of Germany or of both. It has been suggested that the Italian effort might take the form of a restoration of the Hapsburgs, and the young Archduke Otto, who now lives in Belgium, has much brighter hopes than the other royal exiles who are dotted about Europe.

For the moment Dr. Dollfuss is trying hard to bring all sections of the Austrian population into his Patriotic Front, which is to replace all political parties as the Fascists have done in Italy and the National Socialists in Germany. But many Socialists are probably joining the Austrian Nazi movement in the belief that National Socialism is better for the workers than Fascism. Can Dr. Dollfuss, Major Fey and Prince Starhemberg make headway against it now that they no longer have the Socialists to worry about? If they can't, they may be tempted by this idea of a Hapsburg restoration.

But, supposing that restoration were decided upon, there would be, for a few weeks at least, a very critical situation indeed. France in the past has been a bitter enemy of the Hapsburgs, but she would not be nearly so hostile if it came to a choice between them and the Nazis. And here she would differ from her allies of the Little Entente. Jugoslavia and Rumania are more alarmed by the idea of Italian influence over Austria and Hungary than by that of German influence. They would be much more alarmed still if there were to be a restoration of the Hapsburgs, and they might even fight to prevent it. The third Little Entente State, Czechoslovakia, does not go quite so far as they do, because a German-controlled Austria would mean that she, a democratic State, was well on the way to being surrounded by Nazis who hated everything in which she believed. The Czechs might possibly feel that King Otto would be a lesser danger than Herr Hitler, although M. Benes, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, has spoken definitely enough against the Hapsburgs in the past.

And, if we take the one remaining possibility, we still shall have anxious weeks ahead of us. Dr. Dollfuss may reach some arrangement with Herr Hitler which will bring Nazis into the Austrian government, or—this, I think, is much less probable—he might be overthrown as the result of some Nazi coup d'état. Either of these events would worry France, who has always been the strongest opponent of any Austro-German union, and the Little Entente countries. Probably, too, it would worry the Italians, because they don't want so powerful a neighbour on their north-eastern frontier. And it would worry a lot of other people as well, for we should then have either two dictatorships—Germany and Italy—at loggerheads or we should have them forming an anti-democratic block from the Baltic sea to the Mediterranean.

I said at the beginning of this talk that the average Austrian only wanted to sit in his favourite café reading his favourite newspaper. It is perhaps the best thing he could do, for the forces at work, the battles being fought out in his charming little country, are so obviously much too big for him to control. I doubt whether any one country, however powerful, could control them now. We can only wait and see.



African schoolgirls working in their garden—'part of the day is spent in growing food and in cooking, part is spent in the classroom'

By courtesy of the Missionary Education Movemen

The Colonial Empire—VIII

# Education in Africa

By MARGARET WRONG

AM not going to deal here with the education of European and Asiatic minorities in British Tropical Africa—important as these minorities are—but with the education of the forty million Africans in that area.

Let us look first of all at the education of African peoples untouched by the influence of white men, such as the pygmies and bushmen. You will have realised from previous talks in this series that in Africa there are many peoples and that there is a long history of inter-tribal warfare, conquest and migration before the white man came. Some peoples are in a very primi-

tive stage of development, while others, like the Baganda of Uganda, are highly organised. The education given has varied with culture, but the underlying aim has been the same—namely, to fit members of the group to play their part in its life.

By our standards of large nations, African tribes are small and isolated. There is no universal language through which they can communicate with each other. In a day's march in West Africa I have passed from one language area to another, so that in the village of our evening halt the porters from a village twenty miles away could only make themselves understood

through the medium of English. Before the white man came languages were unwritten and there were no books to spread ideas and to give information about a larger world.

Outside a few large towns the people lived, and still live, in villages hidden in the forests or scattered on the plains. The training given in these small groups and the conception of society underlying that training, could we but grasp it fully, would illuminate our thinking about native education. Sometimes there are moments of illumination. A missionary who was passing through a remote village in Northern Nyasaland

was passing through a remote village in Northern Nyasaland tells how he heard a group of men gathered in the men's 'talking place' refer repeatedly to 'the good village'. He asked the oldest man what he meant by the phrase. This is the answer he received: 'A good village is where the headman and the elders are respected by all; and where they, too, have regard for all, even for the children. It is a good village where the young respect parents and where no one tries to harm another. If there is even one person belittles another person or works harm, then the village is spoiled'\*. The old man put first an ethical standard of human relationships. Much tribal education



Beginnings of a village school—a scene in an African kraal

\* This quotation is taken from Mr. T. Arthur Young's article .'A Good Village', in last January's issue of Africa

is directed primarily to the maintenance of the right relationship of the individual to the community.

Little tribal education is given inside the walls of a school. In Muhammadan communities, it is true, there are schools for the learning and repetition of the Koran. In many tribes, when boys and girls reach adolescence, initiation camps are held for each sex. Here concentrated instruction is given by old men and old women on sexual matters, tradition,



Open-air cookery class at a girls' school in Uganda

behaviour and ritual, and tests of skill and endurance are set to see whether the initiates are ready for adult responsibility in the tribe. But in general the whole village is the school. Children in their games imitate the occupations of their elders and at an early age they begin to share in them. Each sex has its allotted occupations; and crafts necessary for the well-being of the community are learned. Tribal history and traditions are taught by old people in stories, in songs and in homilies. The young also gain wisdom from listening to cases in the

court of chief or headman. An important place is given to teaching courtesy and correct behaviour to kin and to strangers, and also to the dead. For the tribe includes ancestors who are potent and can be capricious, and it is well to know how to approach and propitiate them.

Much of the teaching about behaviour and ritual is rooted in fear. Disease is rife; famine and wild beasts may exact a heavy toll; witchcraft is a constant menace and in some areas secret societies are feared. Recently I was in an area where a human leopard society had committed a number of murders, even to the killing of a woman who was fetching water in broad daylight. Her mutilated body was found on a forest path. The district was terrorised and people feared to travel or to go abroad after dusk as no one knew who the next victim might be. In considering indigenous education it is necessary

to remember that this thread of fear runs through life and that much attention is given to ritual and charms which will protect individuals and the group from people and powers who, in the phrase of the old Nyasaland villager, 'work harm'.

The white man's invasion has caused rapid change and disintegration in tribal society. Young Africans follow the roads to urban and industrial centres. They learn some of the good things of our civilisation and many of the bad. I have been in town locations which can only be described as hideous slums where the vices of the West flourish in fertile soil.

When men go back to the villages they carry with them new vices and new diseases as well as new ideas and new possessions.

Missionaries were the first to establish communities where the benefits brought by the West were put at the disposal of African peoples. Central mission stations are amazing in their activities. Workshops of all kinds, improved houses, new crops, hospitals and dispensaries as well as schools

are to be found on them. Here a handful of Europeans and a large body of Africans work together in the building of a Christian community, whose influence is felt through the countryside. Missionaries founded the first schools, wrote the first books and taught the people to read them. Courses have often been too narrowly vocational in that they have been directed towards supplying teachers and clerks. Many people without adequate qualifications have been in charge of schools. An authority on native education in Africa has said, 'All the mistakes in native education in East Africa have been made by the missionaries'. But he added, 'The reason is that they have been the only people who could make them, since they have been the only people engaged in education'. The mistakes have been the mistakes of pioneers. The majority of schools in Africa today

are still under the auspices of missions. Should missionary societies withdraw, education in many areas would be at a standstill.

Government entered the field of education very recently for the most part after the War. Departments of Education have now been set up in each colony and a varying percentage of revenue has been allotted to educational development. In 1923 an Advisory Committee on Native Education was appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in



Conducting a band of 350 players—the kindergarten of a mission station takes its music lesson seriously

1925 this committee issued a memorandum on the relation of governments to education and the principles on which education should be developed. The memorandum states that government reserves to itself the general direction of educational policy and the supervision of all educational institutions, but that at the same time it welcomes voluntary effort. Voluntary effort is fostered through grants-in-aid to institutions which reach the required standard. The bulk of these grants go to missions, but a few schools founded by Africans and a few Muslim institutions also benefit.

Freedom of religious instruction is given to institutions receiving grants-in-aid; and in government institutions religious instruction is not only allowed, but encouraged. In Muhammadan communities, such as Zanzibar, the Koran is taught in government schools. In non-Muhammadan areas Christian teaching is given.

Tribal education goes on side by side with western. This is bound to produce confusion of mind in both old and young, but particularly in the young, who go to school and to labour centres. For instance, the son of a chief in West Africa, a pupil in a large government institution, spits freely in school, and is reproved for doing so on the ground that it is unhealthy and rude. He goes home for the holidays and refrains from spitting, whereupon he is reproved for being unmannerly, on the ground that spitting is not only a chiefly prerogative, but a chiefly duty! The view of education as confined to children in school is a dangerous one, for the school is only one instrument of education. The Church, dispensaries, agricultural instruction for adults, classes for women round village fires, and clinics to which they bring their babies are other instruments, as are commercial firms and all government

This broad conception of education outside as well as inside the school makes the use of vernaculars essential if real understanding is to be attained, for when English alone is used there is a tendency to dissociate education from the life of the community. An arithmetic problem about the number of cattle in an enclosure was put in English to some village children. None of them could give the answer. The same problem was put in the vernacular, and the correct answer was given immediately. 'Why did you not answer when I asked you in English?' asked the master. 'We do not know English arithmetic', replied one boy. 'The question in our own language was easy, for it was not arithmetic but the counting of cattle, and that we do all the time'. English arithmetic had no relation

to the life of the village.

In the long run Africans themselves will decide what western education they want. Today Africans, like white men, do not agree. Many Africans in large towns who have severed tribal links ask for an exact replica of what they think is given here, namely, a classical education. Anything other than this they consider implies racial discrimination. But another attitude is developing. A young African who has studied abroad told me recently that he intended to see what customs of his own people should be retained and to introduce African arts and crafts into the West African school of which he is headmaster. For economic reasons some educated Africans are questioning the value of education divorced from the needs and standards of life of the community, as creating wants which cannot be satisfied. Chiefs and tribal elders often look with suspicion on the products of the schools, fearing that young men with new ideas will undermine their authority and

upset the accepted order

But on the whole there is a growing desire for western education, and Africans are taking increasing responsibility for it. Much support is given by villagers who build a village school, cultivate the teacher's field and contribute in money or in kind towards his salary. In thinking of education in Africa, think first of these village schools. The masses of the people will not go beyond them. The Africans who teach in them are the pioneers of education, for they are face to face with the community and its needs. It is the village teacher who has to conquer the fear of witchcraft and sudden death which inhibits the intelligence. It is the village teacher who has to decide from day to day how to bridge the gap between the teaching of the school and the life of the village. An important step in helping them has been taken in Kenya and in several other colonies where government has set up training institutions for African supervisors. Village teachers with their families are selected by the missions who are responsible for the village education and are sent for additional training. After training, these men, often with the help of their wives, supervise a number of village schools. The supervisor helps the teacher to show chief and elders that the school is an integral and valuable factor in village life

Central schools are often boarding institutions. In the best

of them the sense of the community and its needs is ever present. I think of a girls' boarding school under a mission. The children live in houses much like those of the village, but better built, and with a higher standard of cleanliness and a consequent reduction in their insect population. Older girls care for the little ones and are the elders of the school village. Part of the day is spent in growing food and in cooking, part is spent in the classroom. Links with surrounding villages are forged through adult educational work, baby welfare clinics and school festivals, such as a nativity play given at Christmas time to which people come from miles around. Marriage, too, comes within the purview of the school, for young men wanting wives frequently apply to the head.

Many different types of schools and training institutions exist. The most notable of the higher institutions in British Tropical Africa is Achimota College on the Gold Coast, opened in 1927. It is the expression of the conviction of a great West African governor that education is 'the first and foremost step in the progress of the races of the Gold Coast and, therefore, the most important item in the government's work'. Achimota includes all grades of education from kindergarten to university courses. Girls as well as boys are educated there. Europeans and Africans work together on the staff. Africans and Europeans sit on its council. It seeks to give the best that western education can offer and at the same time to preserve the desirable qualities of African life.

Do not suppose that compulsory education exists in British Tropical Africa today. On the Gold Coast, where education is more advanced than in many other areas, possibly 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. of the children of school age are in school. In this connection we must recognise that schools cost money and that education and the economic development of an area are interdependent. In good or bad times alike, however, it is necessary to be sure that a reasonable percentage of revenue from taxation is allotted to education in comparison with other government services, for we are obviously committed to the education of the people. The proportion of revenue allotted in

different colonies to education varies. We must recognise that prejudice against the education of Africans exists among Europeans and that this prejudice can retard progress. It is often rooted in fear that the advance of the African in every line that his capacities permit will injure the status of the white man. The argument—unsupported by adequate scientific investigation—that the African cannot develop beyond a certain point is often used as an argument against native education beyond a certain point. An examination of conditions over a wide area leads to the conclusion, however, that the 'certain point' beyond which the African cannot develop is on a sliding scale which is adjusted locally by the demands for labour of the white man. The education of forty million Africans must not be governed primarily by the need of European employers for African labour. The only sound criterion is the need and possibilities of the whole population.

The task of developing education in Africa involves the discovery of the lasting values in African life and the en-richment of that life with what the West can give. Dr. Aggrey, the great African vice-principal of Achimota College, whose life some of you may have read\*, pointed out that this end could only be attained through the co-operation of White and Black. This co-operation he compared to the white and black notes on a piano, for without either the highest harmony is impossible. That is the picture I should like to leave with you—the picture of White and Black working together to preserve the lasting values of African life and to enrich that life with the best that the West can give.

The Home and School Council of Great Britain is holding an Open Meeting tonight, March 7, at 6 p.m., at Woburn House (entrance in Tavistock Square, W.C. 1). The meeting, which is on the subject of parent-teacher co-operation in the education of the child as a whole, will be opened by the President, Miss Ishbel MacDonald. The Chair will be taken by Dr. Basil Yeaxlee, and the speakers will be Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, Mr. W. W. McKechnie, Secretary, Scottish Education Department, and Lady Ruth Balfour. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The Far East—IX

# Japan's Industrial Revolution

By OLIVER LAWRENCE

N England the Industrial Revolution was a slow process of natural development-slow because it depended on the progress of invention to make possible the exploitation of our natural resources—but its final effect after a hundred years or so was most revolutionary in that it produced a new social system which had little direct resemblance to the system that had gone before. The Japanese industrial revolution was far more revolutionary in point of time; it was a planned, not a spontaneous, movement, and was able to take advantage of the inventions and discoveries that had already been adopted in industry in the West. But the very suddenness of the movement meant that there could be no slow and gradual transformation of existing ideas and institutions: they had either to be scrapped or incorporated as they were, and many were so incorporated and have proved their usefulness

and still survive today.

Why did Japan ever take the step of launching out on a career of modern western industrialism? Between 1639 and 1868 she had lived in a state of cloistered seclusion, fearful of the effects which contact with the outside world would have on her own civilisation. This was based on a feudal system comparable to the feudalism of mediæval Europe, except that in artistic and cultural achievements she was far in advance of



First mill in Japan, the Kagoshima Cotton Mill, built by the Prince of Satsuma in 1866

From 'Present-Day Japon', by courtesy of the Japanese Embassy

anything that mediæval Europe ever produced. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the feudal system was breaking down anyhow: the western nations were clamouring for trade and were spreading their commercial interests all over China and the Far East; Japan became more and more fearful of coming under western domination, and knowing that her internal system was too weak to resist the outside pressure, resolved to strengthen it by reversing her entire policy and organising herself on the same model as the traders from the

It was a particularly venturesome step, as, apart from being poorly supplied with most of the raw materials of modern industry, the Japanese themselves had little knowledge of the system which they were setting out to copy, so that the State, of necessity, had to play a large part in the organisation and management of industries in their early days and could only hand them over to private enterprise as private individuals showed themselves capable of management. But though the handing-over process began on a large scale as early as 1895, handing-over process began on a large scale as early as 1895; the State has always retained a large share in the management of economic undertakings, and the general idea of a unified and centrally-directed policy has clung, and has been responsible for a great deal of Japan's success in pushing her way into the world market. In fact, Japanese industry shows almost as great signs of planning, on capitalist lines, as Russia's Five-

Year Plans have done under Communist principles. For although the State played such a large part in the organisation of industry, one of its first steps was to encourage private capitalism by legalising the most important of all the feudal practices—the system whereby the feudal landlord received a customary tribute from his tenants. By so doing, a class of landed capitalists was created, who, with the rich merchants who had pushed their way to the front in the later years of feudalism, could put up the investments to finance the new industries. Once more the result has been all in the direction of unified control and the concentration of wealth in a very few hands; Japanese business today is essentially a matter of big units. Those units too often perpetuate the old clan divisions, and you find that great concerns like the Mitsui and Mitsubishi and Suzuki, with interests in every sort of economic

activity, are still family affairs.

These traditional clan distinctions and the ideals of family

and tribal loyalty and patriotism are perhaps of even greater importance than the more concrete survivals of feudalism, and form a continuous background to Japanese life. One result of the persistence of these ideals is to be seen in the almost fatherly attitude which very many Japanese employers show towards their workpeople. One of the chief problems that Japanese industry has had to face has been in connection with its labour supplies. There is plenty of labour there, in the agricultural districts—Japanese agriculture is an overcrowded occupation; but the agricultural districts are often a long way from the factories which have long ago absorbed the labour of their neighbouring towns. So not only have factory owners had to go to great trouble and expense to recruit workpeople, but having got them they are faced with the problem of feeding and housing them. About half of all the factory workers in Japan are women and young girls, and in the cotton and artificial silk mills the percentage is even higher. These girls are housed in big, wooden, barrack-like buildings; they are fed in communal dining-rooms nearby; they have the use of a special hospital for medical treatment, a very well-equipped one if the factory is a big one; they are educated in the factory school; if they are married their children are educated and looked after too; they can play games in the factory sports grounds and they can buy their requirements at the factory shop—an institution which in Europe and America has often been made the means whereby the company gets back Friday's wages by Saturday morning—but in Japan they generally sell the goods at cost.

There have been tremendous differences of opinion among

visitors to Japanese factories on the merits and demerits of this system. Most people now agree that conditions of work and of living are generally quite good, and the workpeople themselves, who should know, seem reasonably contented. But the system undoubtedly involves a great loss of personal liberty—four days in a month is rather more holiday than most factories allow, and the hours of work are long—and, also, it does leave the way open to exploitation. On the other hand I very much doubt whether Japanese feel as strongly about this as most English people would. Most of the people living under these conditions are girls and, one may venture to suggest, well suited by their age to discipline; many of them are daughters of poor peasant farmers, and their chief concern is to work just long enough to earn a sufficient dowry to get themselves married; and, after all, in most European countries there is military conscription, and young men are forced to live just such a disciplined life as this. Besides, the food and comfort and other amenities are a good bit above

what is customary in an up-country peasant family.

Perhaps there has been more to dislike in the ways by which these people have sometimes been collected into the factories. The agents that the factory owners sent about the country were apt to use the methods of the recruiting sergeant outside the public-house door, and were always inclined to become a little too lyrical in their praises of factory life. But the law now exercises a stricter control over their imaginations, and with the spread of proper employment exchanges some of the



At work in a Japanese factory

Photograph: Natori

more unpleasant practices—such as loans advanced to parents to persuade children to leave home—are becoming less popular.

Still, the fact remains that in a system where the workpeople live within the factory walls and under the close supervision of the management, the way is left open to exploitation. The fact that it has not too often occurred may be attributed almost entirely to the persistence of that paternal spirit which I have already mentioned. How long Japanese employers as a class will continue to respect their responsibilities to their workpeople, in the absence of restrictive legislation or a vigorous trades union movement, is problematical, especially if they are hit by a depression, or higher taxation; for their welfare activities make a big hole in profits and are often on a gratuitous basis rather than a legal one. But it will obviously depend on just how long that family idea remains a dominant one.

on just how long that family idea remains a dominant one. The fact that a great deal is paid in kind in one way or another makes it difficult to calculate exactly what Japanese wages actually amount to. Easy as it is to be misleading about Japanese conditions, it is easiest of all to give a false impression of the value of wages. If you convert them from Japanese into English money at the present rate of exchange, fairly common factory wages of 2; yen per day for men and 80 sen for women, work out at about 2s. 8d. and 1s.; in textile factories they are mostly lower, and in all cases they refer to a day of 9 or 10 hours, or sometimes more. When wages and hours of this sort are reinforced by working two or three shifts, and by the possession of up-to-date equipment and organisation, it is not hard to see why Japanese competition is as effective as it is. But it would be a mistake to try to use these figures as a basis for comparison with western standards of life. At the bottom, consideration of what constitutes a standard of life brings you down to deciding what is the standard of satisfaction, and though that is impossible to measure, there is little doubt that the cost of satisfying a Japanese is very low and remarkably

independent of movements in the international value of Japanese money. This is not really surprising if you remember that the chief item in the Japanese cost of living is the diet of rice with a certain amount of fish, both of which are at present produced at home in adequate quantities. Then the margin between different standards in Japan is pretty small; it is not a question of kippers and tea for the poor man and oysters and champagne for the rich; the food on the rich man's table is just the same as the poorest peasant's—rice and fish—better rice and better fish, it is true, and served up on a greater and more pleasing variety of crockery, but rice and fish nevertheless. When you add to this the fact that Japanese pleasures are simple ones and that necessities do not include cinemas and cup-ties, you will see that the standard of satisfaction is low, and that the possible margin of variation not very great. Therefore, a considerable rise in the standard of living does not necessarily mean that there will be a big rise in the cost of living which will bring Japanese wages very much nearer to the European level. Events, in any case, are likely to prevent a big rise, owing to the rapid rate of growth of the population. Every year for the next twenty years between 200,000 and 250,000 additional people will probably be looking for work. Where is work going to be found for them? Half the population is already living on the land in conditions of the barest simplicity, if not of absolute poverty, and it is very questionable whether agriculture can be made to support many more people than it is doing at present. So a 'back to the land' policy is ruled out from the start, and in the Japanese view the only solution, if emigration is impossible, lies in still more industry. What precisely this will involve for British industries one cannot for the moment foresee, but it may be a development not unfavourable to those countries which produce the staple raw materials which Japan lacks—and they include a number of countrie

# Guidance from God

By the Rev. Canon L. W. GRENSTED

This address, by the Oriel Professor of Philosophy of the Christian Religion at Oxford, was broadcast on Sunday, February 25

OD is at work in the world today, this world of confused purposes and of sudden alarms. New lives for lives soiled, frustrated, and weary: new nations coming to the birth, and a hope of a brotherhood of the nations even beyond our best dreaming: a brave new world, braver and more new than any of our most modern and most daring novelists have ventured to depict—these things are not mere idle visions; already they are beginning to happen. Miracles are abroad in the world, and in a time when the plans and programmes and conferences of men seem to lead us into ever-deepening confusion, miracle is the only commonsense. There is, humanly speaking, plenty of ground for pessimism, but those who are pessimistic in such days as these have left one thing out of their calculations. They have forgotten God. God can speak to us and guide us. God can take our lives and change them and make them new. God can use our changed lives to touch and to change the lives of others. And so through lives changed He touches the life of nations. For the nations are men and women and children, and their rulers too are men. And it is through men sinful and forgiven and made new that the nations shall come to their peace.

#### Challenge of the Group Movement

Why is it that, beyond all argument, the Oxford Group has not only excited widespread interest but has profoundly challenged our modern world? Far from being another sect or a new teaching, it is the one Gospel breaking out again in terms that this generation can understand. Its message is one with that of the Churches. Fourteen years ago one man stood alone in the streets of Cambridge and saw a vision of coming revival in England. Today his vision is coming true, has already come true, not only in England but in country after country throughout the world. In China and India, in Canada and the United States, in Germany and in France and in Switzerland and in Holland, as well as in England and Scotland, the awakening has begun. Men are finding that God has an answer for the problems in their own lives. Men are coming to see that that same answer is the answer to the prob-lems of nation and race and class. The troubles and anxieties that seem beyond our power to solve are not beyond the power of God, nor are they beyond the power of men who have surrendered themselves to be the instruments of God. It means that we must humbly seek to do God's will as we see it, and not our own; that we can seek and receive God's guidance; that He does give us victory in our lives instead of defeat. In that faith we go forward, not alone, for very many are with us, to deal with the sin and confusion of the world. God's army

#### 'The Kingdom of God is Within You'

The challenge is simple, and direct, and individual, and personal. Jesus did not preach a mere world-policy. The desire for that was decisively rejected at the Temptation in the Wilderness, and when men sought to take Him by force and make Him a King, He simply went away. But always He taught that the Kingdom of God was at hand, that it was even already in their midst, and that the way to enter into it was to repent. Repentance means a complete re-orientation of our life, a new heart, a new purpose, a new direction, and it is God's gift, if we dare take it. It is like stepping out into a new world. There is no royal road, not even for the politicians, and the journalists, and the economists, and the kings of industry. For them, too, and for us, the rule is the same: 'No man can serve two masters', 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon'.

What has astonished men, as it has always astonished them, is to realise that this advice can be taken very literally, not as a mere moral maxim about which we can preach sermons, but as a simple and direct rule of Christian living. Do we really believe in God, and in Christ as God? If we do, there is no course open to us except to let Him rule, absolutely, in our lives. But that means that we must have no second God. We must not try to serve God and at the same time make all sorts of reservations: I will serve God, say some, so long as I

am not asked to surrender a cherished resentment and make an overdue apology, or so long as I can have the things I like. There are plenty of people who feel that they could, if necessary, do quite heroic things for God, but who, when put to the test, will make an untrue income-tax return, or keep a wireless set without taking out a licence. They will be virtuous enough up to the point where their interests or their appetites are touched. They will let God be Master, provided He does not interfere with their whisky, or their chocolates, their tobacco or their tea, provided that they may save their face, or retain their security, or fall in love, and marry without any thought

for the purposes of God.

The challenge is the challenge of Christ Himself. How do our lives compare with His, in His complete and tireless self-giving? Never a trace of thought for Himself, throughout all the rough way that led to the Cross, where He died for the friends that denied and betrayed Him. Are we, as He was, utterly and wholly honest and pure, and unselfish, and loving? There are very many who know that they have had to face that challenge not only in big things, but in all the humdrum and trivial things that make up so much of life. They know, too, that wherever they have honestly faced that challenge, their failure has been made good by the love and power of Christ. So from failure has come victory, and from the victory has come power to help others in their need too. To know that we are sinners is the first step to victory. We can have the victory if we let Christ show us our sin, and show us too the next steps that we must take. As we take those steps, in loyalty to Him, the victory is already won.

#### A New Honesty

How then can we begin? Just where we are. I can speak directly of a single case. It meant taking time to be quiet, in the early morning, before the distractions of the day had begun. It meant a new and a very direct surrender once again of the will to God, in readiness to know and to do anything, literally anything, that He might ask. It meant honesty, to face the self-knowledge that God might give, the thoughts that He might send. It meant being willing, at the cost of personal pride, to write them down and to tell them to others, so that they could not be forgotten or evaded. There was a piece of self-indulgence to be put away, a bit of personal resentment and irritation to be admitted. With the surrender and the admission came peace.

This kind of personal openness and honesty has its direct results in the wider sphere of social and business life: honesty in the home, honesty in business, honesty as between the nations. Think what such honesty can mean.

In how many homes today is love crippled by the absence of freedom and trust—a suspicion here, a concealment there, a word of regret unspoken. And so gradually what should be a home becomes a living lie, tense and strained. There may be outward peace, but it is the peace of compromise, in which is neither love nor power. I know of case after case where homes, some already broken up, and some near the verge of disaster, have been restored to unity and to happiness through a change which began in the life of some one member of the household. I know, too, of families, always happy, which have become effective forces in the outside world, when once they were really in touch with God.

The same change happens in the business world. Men become honest. The laws intended to secure honesty have never been, and can never be, successful by themselves. The one thing needful is that there should be honest men, and honesty comes when men are willing to see themselves as God sees them and to put their lives under his guidance. Sharepushers have become honest about the bonds they sell, business men about their income-tax, commercial travellers about their expense accounts, workmen about their time and their tools. They have not only made a new beginning in honesty, but have been willing to make restitution for the past, some-times at very great cost, even when it has meant going to prison. There have been other changes, too. In one works it

meant the end of friction between two departments. In another instance a foreman whose life had been changed began to admit his own mistakes to his men. He found that this opened the door of their confidence, so that they talked to him of their problems in turn. Thus they found together the solution to the fear and mistrust which is so often the bane of industrial life. For one employer the challenge meant cutting down profits to about one quarter of their former amount, in order that the staff employed might not only have adequate wages, but also have help in time of sickness. An advertising agent, whose story has been published, tells how the change in his own life resulted in a new honesty and purity in all his advertisements, and also led him to cut his own income to one-tenth, to save ten other men from unemployment.

So a single changed life becomes the basis of a change in a wider field. A new standard has been set, and a new challenge. The cost, for there is cost indeed, is the cost of our pride and our own self-seeking. The victory may sometimes, to the outside world, seem small and unimportant: but that is only because the outside world judges by such idle standards as human success, or comfort, or the good opinion of men, or power. Seen in the light of God's eternal truth it is no other than the victory of the Cross of Christ, who gave everything that He had, even life itself, for His friends—for us.

The World Needs Changing Today

All this is not vision, but fact. What has happened in these two or three instances is happening in a multitude of lives, all over the world. And as each life is changed and brought to a new honesty and a new peace, a new witness is given to the power of God to solve some problem for which the world sorely needs an answer. The world needs changing today. There are few of us indeed who would not agree with Karl Marx when he said: 'The Philosophers have merely interpreted the world in various ways. The thing is to change it'. But even so men cannot agree upon the kind of change that they want. Some of them are timid and ask for nothing except that the old system may last long enough, and our corner of it be comfortable enough, to outlast our time. It is not a pleasant thing to confess, as an Oxford don, how deeply I have found my own thinking and my own action infected by that kind of cowardice. But it is a cowardice that will not do. It has plunged the world into one war, and will yet, if we do not heed, plunge it into war again. And some, in their fear, are making wild, uncorrelated efforts, instead of uniting in common action under the guidance of God.

And still God is at work. Still changed lives are actually discovering new standards of living, and by their witness are profoundly influencing the lives about them. We see society people, with no interests save gossip and golf and bridge, finding an utterly new set of purposes. Where there is purpose, gossip ceases, and one of the world's worst evils is disarmed. Unemployment among wealthy people is less common than it was, but the unemployment of those who cannot get work and whose lives are spent upon the very borderline of hunger and cold and sickness is the most conspicuous and tragic evil of our day. There can be no rest, for individuals or for governments, until that evil is put away, with a practical and an effective solution. Meanwhile there are men, unemployed, who have found the way to meet the terrible strain upon character that is wrought by idleness and loss of hope. One such man found a changed life, and said that he was now employed, with a wholetime job for Christ. With the coming of a new simplicity and a new directness and a new desire to serve others, he has reached the secret which has baffled Governments and social workers and revolutionaries alike. Their task of social reconstruction has yet to be done, and under God's guidance can and will be done. But here is the key, in lives which have been changed, so

that God's will can be done through them.

So along the whole battle front of the world's despair and the world's need. We debate and debate the problems of Christian re-union, and men grow utterly weary of us and of our debating. Are we, too, like certain of those to whom Jesus spoke, unable to read the signs of the times? We shall solve the problems of the Churches when, and not before, we see one united front of Christian people throughout the world living out in practical fellowship the essential Christianity which all profess. The challenge to this simple directness and honesty with ourselves, with our neighbours, and with God, is a challenge which cuts across all our barriers of race, of nation, of communion, or of class. It was an experience which I can never forget, to find myself, a don and a parson, met with a free and a glad welcome by a youngster, unemployed and with tragic difficulties at home, a rebel against society, and, until a few days earlier, against God. We had both faced one challenge, and we knew a fellowship deeper than all differences, a fellowship in which those difficulties could find the one solution that is really deep enough to be final and lasting

What of our bitter and growing nationalism? A Frenchman from Alsace told how his life had been warped by three hatreds: hatred of Jews, hatred of Germans, and a hatred in his own family. The challenge of Christ showed him the truth of his own self-centred fear and resentment, and he found a fellowship with a German fighting for Christ that went deeper than fellowship with Frenchmen fighting for France. Just as the barriers and resentments went down in his home life, so the barriers of national and racial hatred could go down. And if they can go down in a single life, there is hope for the nations yet. Ideals are good, but ideals, by themselves, will not save the world. It is only in the new life of men and women changed

and set free that ideals have power.

The same story comes to us from South Africa. The dawn is breaking across the old racial antagonisms, of Dutch and English, of black and white. Something of the story has been told during the last few weeks in London. It is the story of a few Oxford men, themselves South Africans, who went back to their own country to tell their friends how the challenge of Christ had come into their lives. From that witness has sprung a great movement. Two Professors of Pretoria University, one English and one Dutch by race, came to England to bear witness to the hope which they have found not only for them-selves but for their country. That they should come together at all is itself an outstanding instance of God's power, for one of them was until lately a leader in the opposition to everything English. When he found victory and peace in his own life, the hatred passed, and the witness of his courage, along with that of many others, is everywhere breaking down racial barriers. The South Africa that shall be is no longer a distant ideal. It is already born. For his English friend, the challenge came in another way. With his own life healed and renewed he found himself called to give up the security of his professorship, and to give his life freely and fully to the difficult cause of racerelationship between black and white. And here too the challenge of a changed life is opening the doors of the future. Where one man shows the way, a hundred will follow after and enter into the kingdom that he has foreseen.

#### Sin Creates Barriers Between Men

'No man can serve two masters'. The Kingdom of God is nigh, even at your doors. There is nothing in the least degree vague about the challenge of Christ. He asks for our honesty, our trust, our love. He asks that we hold nothing back which can stand as a barrier between us and Him, and, that we may understand very plainly all that that means. He shows us that everything that makes a barrier between us and our fellow-men, the shynesses and reserves and resentments which spoil our homes, and our friendships, and the life of the nations, is just sin. In His strength those barriers can go down. Everywhere they are going down in the lives of those who have caught the vision of His Cross and His victory. Peacefully, gladly, humbly, triumphantly, the armies of the living God are gathering for the assault upon the sin that is entrenched in human hearts. The call to you is a call to enlist. The battle has begun. It shall not cease until a world be won for Christ.

How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God,

follow Him.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A Kingly crown to gain. His blood-red banner streams afar! Who follows in His train?

Books dealing with the 'Group' Movement continue to multiply. The latest, a symposium edited by Dr. F. A. M. Spencer entitled The Meaning of the Groups (Methuen, 5s.), brings together eleven contributions besides the Editor's epilogue. These include four able representatives of the Group Movement, three distinguished critics, and four independent observers. The critics are Dr. F. H. Dodd and Dr. William Brown, from the medical and psychological angle, and Father Knox from the Roman Catholic standpoint. Canon Raven, Dr. Major, Dr. Selbie and Miss Evelyn Underhill give the movement qualified approval, while the Editor concludes that the essence of the Group Movement 'needs to be greatly expanded and supplemented by the rich inheritance of worship and doctrine embodied in institutional Christianity'.

### President Roosevelt's First Year

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

Broadcast on March 3; Mr. Ratcliffe has lately returned from the United States

HEN Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, from Washington tomorrow, addresses the American people over the air on the first anniversary of his becoming President, he will review the actions and results of a wonderful year. There are those who assert that the Roosevelt New Deal is not a revolution. Events may prove them to be right, but one thing ought to be clearly understood. It is this: that, with the exception of Russia, whose revolution is complete, no country has undergone changes so surprising, so swift and inspiriting, as those through which the United States has been carried in twelve months under the President's leadership.

On March 4, 1933, I was at the microphone behind the new President. It was an unforgettable occasion. The deep hush of the multitude as Mr. Roosevelt took the oath, in the ringing tones heard in Britain, was a symbol of the national mood. One historian of the New Deal says, rightly, that the great American nation was in a blind fright. There were at least 15 millions of unemployed. The banks were all closed. The President proclaimed that they could not be re-opened until the Government gave the word. He announced an immediate cut of over 100 millions sterling on the year's accounts. He obtained from Congress a grant of extraordinary powers in administration and monetary policy. The two Houses passed his Bills with startling speed. Like the country at large, they demanded to be led. Party politics were forgotten. The people stood solidly behind the President, and gave him their unqualified trust.

During the summer there was a cheering spurt in American business, but it did not last. The huge sum of \$3,300,000,000—say £700 millions—was voted for public works. And then the National Recovery Act was passed. This is not only the central pillar of the Roosevelt recovery policy. It is the most astonishing piece of legislation ever heard of in America.

#### 'A Revolution by Consent'

The United States, as you know, is the home of the greatest of industrial systems. It is fiercely competitive; it has been lawless, anarchic. Despite the vast wealth of the country, the system has comprised some glaring evils—child labour, areas of shockingly low wages, and other horrible conditions. The N.R.A. aims at sweeping away the worst of these evils by a single national effort, and at bringing the whole of American industry and trade under codes of fair practice. The purpose is not to overturn, but to redeem, the existing system: to make, as Professor Laski puts it, a revolution by consent; a widespread social change, kept within the bounds of the Constitution and the American tradition. This sounds like a stupendous plan, and a wildly idealistic one. It is both; and the marvel of the first Roosevelt year is that the plan is being tried, with enormous energy and on an impressive scale. The N.R.A. is now at a critical stage.

Government, employers, representatives of the consumer and of labour have toiled together to make the Codes. More than 200 of them had been adopted and signed by the beginning of 1934. At this moment there are gathered in Washington delegates from 500 trades, bursting with criticisms and suggestions. The Codes, to be sure, are full of defects and vexatious clauses. It is hard to enforce them. Many thousands of concerns are violating them. But nearly all the greatest industries are being operated under the N.R.A., with minimum wages and short hours, and it is, I think, generally taken for granted that the national-code system will be maintained and extended.

The dominant purpose of the Roosevelt Recovery pro-

gramme is to restore the buying power of the wage-earner; that is, to bring about a more just and effective distribution of the national income. This, it is obvious, cannot be done by any government policy unless at the same time an actual economic revival has begun; and there is at present in America less assurance of the revival than there is in England. Here, indeed, will come the great test for Mr. Roosevelt's second year. If the United States is definitely on the up-grade, the Roosevelt policy will be largely successful and will be greatly justified. But if normal recovery is not on the way, the results for America and the world must undoubtedly be very serious. A big question-mark hangs over his currency and gold problem: a bigger one still over the audacious scheme of forcing recovery by a programme of the most lavish. His policy for the farmer is based upon the limitation of crops. That, as today's news indicates, he is preparing to modify by attacking the high tariff walls.

### Emergency Plans to Relieve Unemployment

Meanwhile—and this is the grave issue of the hour—the winter ends with a host of unemployed—perhaps twelve millions—still in receipt of doles or doing relief work. Such work has been found, for nearly 4,000,000 men and women, under the interesting but very costly plans of the Civil Works Administration. These plans are supposed to end by May 1, and the President is earnest that they should do so. But no Government could turn four million workers loose, to be at the mercy of uncertain relief funds. That is the reason why, three days ago, the President issued a statement outlining a new emergency plan to replace the C.W.A. It has a daring and spacious design; nearly 200 millions sterling will be put in. It covers three kinds of people in urgent need: first, rural families (not less than 400,000 of them) who are to be helped towards profitable work for themselves on the land; secondly, industrial workers, coming under new schemes for public works; and thirdly, those large bodies of men-miners and otherswho are destitute because the industry which gave them their livelihood has faded away.

### Facing the Second Year

Mr. Roosevelt is fully aware that with his first year of office what Americans call the 'presidential honeymoon' is over. Hitherto his good fortune has been wonderful, surpassing that of any democratic ruler; but he must now expect the growth of organised opposition. Unlike the European dictators, he invites criticism; and he will get it in full measure. His record shows that he is ready and will be skilful in meeting it. He is extraordinarily convinced and buoyant of spirit. He understands the American people. He meets all people on equal terms. He takes counsel of anyone who seems likely to be helpful. He is cordial and candid, and has the gift of selfexpression and self-vindication in a notable degree. He has given the American people a new sense of the power of government as a public service. He is reviving in America the dormant demand for clean government. As his programme stands for an alternative to the two contrasted policies of complete State power now displayed in Europe, should we not wish the American President the full measure of success?

Alban Berg's opera 'Wozzeck', which is to be broadcast in the Symphony Concert from the Queen's Hall on March 14 (its first performance in England), has for libretto the play by Georg Büchner (1813-1837), of which the only English translation (by Geoffrey Dunlop) is published by Gerald Howe (price 7s. 6d.), together with two other plays, 'Leonce and Lena' and 'Danton's Death', and a biographical introduction by the translator.

### Economics in a Changing World

# Striking a Balance

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

FORTNIGHT ago the Board of Trade published the most important trade figures of the year, for on that day there appeared the estimates of a balance of payments on foreign account for the year 1933. This is the estimate erroneously referred to as our balance of trade. During 1933 the Board of Trade estimate that we had a deficit of £4 millions net. The corresponding figures for 1932 and 1931 were £56 millions and £104 millions, respectively. The value of our imports exceeded the value of our exports by £264 millions, whilst our receipts from investment overseas, shipping, commissions and other sources totalled £260 millions—hence the small deficit of £4 millions. In 1931, the value of imports over exports was  $\mathcal{L}_{408}$  millions; in 1932,  $\mathcal{L}_{287}$  millions, and finally in 1933 it was  $\mathcal{L}_{264}$  millions. The decline in the excess of imports over exports in 1933, as compared with 1932, was due to a decline in the value of imports, for exports and re-exports were of about the

same value in 1933 as in 1932.

Now let us consider the so-called invisible exports whose value, when added to the value of our exports, gives us for 1933 what is to all intents and purposes a balance. It may sound rather shocking to be so indifferent to a deficit of £4 millions and say it is a balance, but you must remember that the values of these 'invisible exports' are estimates, not exact calculations. The largest of them is net income received from investments overseas, which amounted to £155 millions—an increase of £10 millions over the 1932 figure. This is interesting as it is the first increase in the income from our overseas investment which has taken place since the falling off which began in 1929. The next most important source of income from the invisible exports is the net national shipping income, but here the story is not good. In 1931, our shipping brought us in £80 millions, in 1932

£70 millions; in 1933, £65 millions.

What shall we say about the general impression created by this picture of a balance of payments in equilibrium? Once upon a time it would have been considered rather shocking to see Great Britain without a favourable balance, but today we can derive a modest satisfaction from the fact that we have got rid of an adverse balance of payments on foreign account. If we want to have a favourable balance we must remember that we shall not get it unless and until we resume foreign lending . . . in other words, import securities.

This remark starts a series of questions: Is it desirable that foreign lending should be resumed—and when I say desirable, I mean desirable from the widest possible aspect of national policy? Are the conditions which make large-scale foreign lending possible likely to exist again in the reasonably near future? Is there a lesson to be learnt from the story of defaults? Is the prevailing desire for economic self-sufficiency on a national or group basis likely to be a permanent factor in world affairs or is it only a crisis phenomenon? To what extent are what I shall call the 'non-material sentiments' of men going to dominate their purely material instincts? We are getting rather close to a discussion of the validity or otherwise of the Marxian interpretation of history in that question. If these non-material sentiments are in the future to be the more powerful agency in the control of policies, then shall we not find ourselves living permanently in a state of affairs which merits the description crisis from the nineteenth-century point of view, but which will be called normal in the twentieth century? To what extent is the sweeping advance of science and its product—the machine—going to prove a permanent support to policies of self-sufficiency? The scientist can overcome the natural handicaps to production of a given article in one part of the world. He can alter the face of nature and mock at her habits. Were you ever taught that Lancashire's damp atmosphere was one of the reasons why cotton goods were known the world over as Lancashire goods? Today the necessary degree of humidity can be produced anywhere. May it not be that to an increasing degree the basic needs of material life will be mass-produced and machine-produced on the spot?

To what extent are we justified in expecting to see a revival of international trade on those nineteenth-century lines which, broadly speaking, were composed of an exchange of goods and services between an industrial section of humanity and an overseas agricultural section, which latter was developed by

credits granted to it by the industrial world? It seems not improbable that such relationships have disappeared into the history books and will not be seen again during our life-time. If there is anything in this supposition, if we are now at the beginnings of changes in international economic relationships as far-reaching as those changes which confronted our grandparents a hundred years ago, it will be well to consider where

Great Britain shall stand in this twentieth century

Mr. Wallace, Secretary of State for Agriculture in the United States, who is evidently the owner of a very clear-thinking mind, has just drawn attention to the fact that if the U.S.A. wishes to go in wholeheartedly for a policy of economic self-sufficiency they must be prepared to abandon from 40 to 100 million acres of agricultural land, mostly in the south, and transfer millions of people to the cities. This will be necessary because these acres are at present producing an export surplus which must not be allowed to grow in a self-contained economy. The alternative is to try and sell it abroad, but this will mean accepting from overseas one thousand million more dollars' worth of goods than the U.S.A. imported in 1929, and such action is impossible unless the American tariff is reduced. We have the same kind of problem in this country: it is, in fact, the great world problem of the day. Where are we to compromise between the old *laissez-faire* economic system and planned economics? A thousand practical questions cannot be answered until we have made up our minds on this point, and what makes it so difficult is that we can hardly make our decision without taking into account where other peoples will come to rest between the right and the left, between flexibility and rigidity, between

state control and private enterprise.

Let me illustrate the practical bearing of all this on the prob-lems now before us in this country. The question of the relationship between agriculture and industry must be directly governed by the extent to which we hope to regain our export markets in such matters as coal, cotton, steel, and iron. The whole future of British shipping hangs on the outcome of the broad issue I have stated here. You can monkey about with subsidies and temporary palliatives either in order to tide over an emergency or in the hope of bringing pressure to bear on other people, but you do not have to be deeply steeped in economic theory in order to understand that the volume of world shipping must in the long run be economically dependent upon the quantity of goods and people entering into international transport. The Liverpool Steamship Owners Association have just issued their usual comprehensive and informative annual report. Try and get hold of a copy. From this document you will see that formerly our ships carried more than half of the world's sea borne trade. At present we carry 40 per cent. of a world trade which is only two-thirds of the volume it was in pre-War days. The report does not seem to hold out hopes that subsidies or any form of discrimination against foreign shipping are going to be of much permanent help to our hard-pressed shippers, and it says quite definitely that, as shippers, the authors of the report are of the opinion that the various measures such as tariffs, quotas, etc, which have been imposed in order to reduce imports into this country are 'reacting to the grave prejudice of the shipping industry'. That, of course, is a point of view of a section of the community, and it should be balanced up by remembering that a British farmer if asked his opinion of the quota would probably say 'It's saved my bacon'. The question about foreign lending cannot be answered except in the light of some kind of an estimate of what the face of international trade is going to look like in the years to come; but it is a question which many people have got to try to answer now when they find themselves endeavouring to estimate the future of rates of interest. I hope you do not think that the question as to what are likely to be the you do not think that the question as to what are likely to be the future rates of interest is an academic matter. It affects you most intimately. Are you insured? If you are, you may be quite certain that the directors of the insurance company to which you have entrusted your savings for investment are thinking extremely hard about this knotty problem. There are many factors to be considered in any attempt to estimate the future of interest rates, but one factor which is bound to be significant is the extent to which there will or will not be an outlet for savings in the field of overseas investment. Light—II

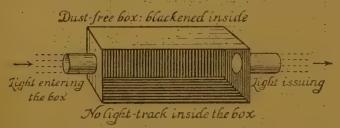
# Was Newton Wrong?

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG

AST week I said that Newton rejected a wave theory of light on the ground that waves would tend to spread sideways, whereas a ray of light proceeded on its way like a stream confined to narrow bounds. The difficulty is very real when you come to think carefully. Newton put it this way: 'To me the fundamental supposition itself seems impossible, namely, that the waves or vibrations of any fluid can, like the rays of light, be propagated in straight lines, without a continual and very extravagant spreading and bending every way into the quiescent medium where they are terminated by it. I mistake if there be not both experiment and demonstration to the contrary'.

Let us consult our own experiences. We have stood on a pier at one side of a harbour mouth and watched the waves rolling in from the rough sea outside. The waves as they enter the harbour do not proceed across it in a sharply defined track, equal in width to the opening which admitted them. On the contrary, the waves spread round sideways once they are inside, and, if the harbour is not very large, all the boats lift and rock from side to side as the disturbance reaches them. Or again, we know that we can hear round a corner perfectly well. Now, sound is certainly a wave motion in the air, or whatever substance is carrying it. Two persons may converse although they cannot see each other on account of intervening objects. The waves of sound that come from the speaker must swing round the screen that hides him from the listener. If light is also a wave motion, why does it behave differently? We can hear round a corner, why cannot we see round a corner? Was not Newton justified?

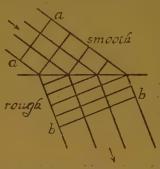
We know now that Newton was wrong in this matter, and



Light passes through dust-free air without appreciable scattering

that our reasoning from the behaviour of water waves and sound waves is faulty. As a matter of fact, light does turn corners, though the turning is but small; and to that small extent we can see round the corner. We are faced, therefore, with a question which is not so difficult as it looked at first. We have not to explain why light does not round the corner at all; but why the extent to which it does so is small. That is not nearly so difficult. In fact, we have only to think more carefully of our own experiences, and we have the solution at once. Let us go back to our stand on the harbour pier, choosing a day when it is almost calm, and only a gentle wind blows in from the sea. A little ripple enters the harbour, and now there is but little spreading, at least for some distance after entry. Behind the pier wall the shadow is complete. Now the ripple differs in degree only from the waves of a rougher sea. The all-important difference between the two cases is the relative wavelength—relative, that is to say, to the width of the harbour opening. The wavelength is the distance between the crests of two successive waves. The spreading of the waves is large when the length of the wave is comparable with the breadth of their front. So also in the case of sound, the comparison between the length of the wave and the size of the screen is the determining factor. It is easy to be heard on the other side of a drawing-room screen, but not on the other side of a house. We have noticed that when we come to the top of the hill, sounds burst in upon us from the valley into which we now look; it may be the rattle of a cart or the rippling of the brook. The higher the pitch of a sound, which is to say the shorter its waves are, the sharper is the shadow. The roar and clatter of the great highways in London is dulled to a deep hum in the side streets because the higher pitched sounds have been intercepted by the intervening houses.

So let us go back to the light problem and look again: and then we find that we have missed the whole point in our first rough consideration of it. Direct and obvious evidence of light



The line aa and the others that are parallel to it represent ranks marching on the smooth ground. On entering upon the rough ground the ranks are swung round and become parallel to bb. They also close up

turning the corner is not so easy to find, but there is abundance of evidence less obvious. Of the former kind the most striking that I know is the appearance of a bright spot in the middle of the shadow of a small circular disc, though the disc has no hole in it. The source of light must be small; a diffused light will not do. The source of light and the screen may be about a yard on either side of the disc, which should then be about a tenth of inch in diameter; exactitude in sizes is not important. The circular disc may be made by letting a drop of ink fall on a sheet of glass. I may say that this was the first experiment in

physics that I ever saw: it was shown to me in my undergraduate days at Cambridge and I was greatly impressed. In this case the light must have swung round the edges of the disc

in order to illuminate the centre: there was no other way for the light to get there. Why the centre only was illuminated is readily explained on the wave theory, but we cannot discuss it yet.

You will observe that the amount of swinging inwards is very small. The width of the disc is several hundreds of times less than the distance from the disc to its shadow. The rays of light

C L<sub>1</sub> L<sub>3</sub> , R

Optical arrangement of the Eye
—cornes; R—retina; N—optic nerve; L1—aqueous
umour; L2—crystalline lens; L3—vitreous bumous
—iris diaphragm; b—blind spot; y—yellow spot, on
acula lutea. The spot marked y is the most sensitive portion of the retina'

have only turned aside a very little. The sufficient reason is that the wavelength of light is extremely small. As we shall see later, the longest waves that we can see are those that give

us the sensation of red; and the wavelength of these rays is less than the thirtythousandth of an inch; very small indeed compared with the width of the disc. Even the ripples that enter the harbour are not so small compared with the harbour opening as the light waves with the black spot.

L B

Ripple tank seen from above
The tank is a shallow tank with a glass bottom. It contains water. An are light placed
on the floor below throws the 'shadows' of
the ripples upon the ceiling. Many interesting demonstrations can be made with the
tank, as, for example, the following, which
illustrate the action of the cye. A sheet of
glass G cut in the form of a section of a lens
is laid on the floor of the tank, diminishing
the depth of the water, which is usually about
a quarter of an inch. The ripples travel more
slowly in the shallow water. Thus they are
made to converge upon a point F: after
passing through F they diverge. The ripples
are started by a lath L which dips in and
out: the barriers BB prevent the ripples

Another direct method of making experiment is to stand close to a white screen with a bright point-source of light at some distance behind one. The shadow of hairs standing out from one's head are thrown upon the screen and it is at once obvious that they are not simple black lines, as they would be if light did not spread at all. The line shadows are there but they are bordered with

other lines, light and dark. The halo round the moon and the starry effects that one sees on looking through a piece of woven material at a bright light—umbrella or street lamp for example—are also due to the sideways spreading of light; but the connection is not so simple as in the other cases which I have described.

We may ask how it is that we see a ray of light from one side, as for example, when we see the sun's rays streaming into the room. It is, of course, the dust in the air that is responsible for the sideways scattering which sends some light into our eyes. We should not see the ray from the side if the air were clear. A simple demonstration of this fact may be made by the use of a box, say a yard long, nine inches wide and nine inches high; the dimensions do not matter very much. One of the long sides is made of glass; holes are cut in the two ends and closed with glass; which should be very clean. The box is painted a dead black inside. If a ray of light be sent through the box, in at one end and open at the other, its paths will



The rays from an arc at S are brought to a focus by the lens and the liquid in the flask. The focus is situated on the back of the flask. The lens and the liquid represent roughly the optical system of the eye: and the back of the flask represents the retina

probably be quite clear because of the dust in the air. But if the inside of the box is coated with glycerine, and enough hours or days are given for the dust to settle and stick on the sides of the box, the path of the ray becomes barely visible.

If a room full of clean air were lined with black, a ray might be shot into it through one small opening and allowed to emerge through another, without lighting up the room at all, however powerful the ray might be. Light, in fact, is not visible unless it enters the eye; though it is possible, I think, for people to believe otherwise, before they have looked into the matter.

Let us now follow light into the eye and try to make out what happens there. Within the eye, and at the back of it, is the surface sensitive to light, which is called the retina. Light has the power of stimulating the retina and setting up pulses of an electric character which nerves convey to the brain. If the front of the eye, like a room, were closed by a simple window, the various bundles of light that entered having come from various surrounding objects would all overlap and be indistinguishable. The effect of one object sending light into the eye could not be sorted out from that of

the eye could not be sorted out from that of another. The owner of the eye would be aware of a general brightness without any detail. But eyes are so made that they can distinguish fine detail. How is it done?

Advantage is taken of a most interesting phenomenon, that of the refraction of light. When a ray of light leaves one transparent medium and enters another, its direction is usually altered when it crosses the dividing surface. There is no better demonstration than the old experiment with the coin in the basin. Lay the coin on the bottom, and move away until it is hidden by the edge of the basin. Get a friend to pour water into the basin and the coin will seem to rise up and become visible. The scattered light from the coin, by which you see it, is bent at its emergence from the water and reaches the eye by a crooked path. A pond, supposing that the bottom of it is visible, looks shallower than it really is, and the more so the more oblique is the line of vision. If one poles

the more so the more oblique is the line of vision. If one poles a boat along in shallow water in which the boat barely floats, it seems always that the water ahead is so shallow that the boat is going aground. Yet as one comes up to it the water seems to deepen and the boat can still move on. A stick which is partly under water seems to be bent where it passes through the surface because every part of it which is immersed is apparently lifted up. The part of the stick under water seems to be more nearly horizontal than the part above. The path of a ray of light entering the water becomes less horizontal than before.

It is this bending that is employed at the entrance of the

eye. A lens is placed there, made of a transparent material, and shaped like the lenses which old people usually employ when reading. It is thicker in the middle than at the edge. If light from a distant point comes to the eye, a portion goes through the centre of the lens and other portions strike the edge. The rays that go through the centre keep on their straight course, but those that strike the edges are turned inwards by refraction, and all the rays meet in one point on the retina. If the eye is directed, as we say, to some particular object or part of an object, the point where the rays from that part meet at the back of the eye falls exactly on a very sensitive point on the retina. Their arrival is detected, and the news is telegraphed, so to speak, to the brain. If the eye is swung about, up and down or side to side, the rays from each object in the external view are brought to this sensitive point in turn and so the eye distinguishes one object from another and takes in the whole view in detail. It is the lens that makes detailed vision possible.

Sometimes the lens is ineffective in one or more respects. It may be too thin in the centre and then the rays that pass at the edges are not swung inwards sufficiently. The eye can itself adjust lens and retina to a certain extent, but if this is insufficient help must be provided in the form of a lens, usually of glass, which is thicker in the centre than at the edges and aids the swinging in. Short-sighted eyes must be helped by lenses which are thinner at the centre than at the edges, because such eyes are too thick at the centre and the lenses must have the opposite character. Sometimes the lenses are not true to form in other ways, and the skill of the oculist must provide the necessary corrections, so that the rays from the point to which the eye is directed are brought to a fine point on the sensitive spot on the retina.

This bending of a ray on its passage from one medium to another is very readily explained on a wave theory. It is only necessary to suppose that the waves travel with different speeds in the two media. It is easy to give examples of such an action. Suppose that men in a row are marching across a plain and come obliquely to a line which marks the beginning of rougher ground where travel is necessarily slower. The end of the row which reaches the line first is checked, and the other end tends to swing round, so that the direction of march is altered. The new direction is more nearly at right angles to the line of separation.

Or again, we notice when we stand on a sloping beach that no matter in what direction the sea is running in the distant deep water, the waves swing round as they near the shore and tend to break in lines that are parallel to it. Waves move slower in shallow water than in deep, and as with the marching men the direction of advance becomes more perpendicular to the



The dotted lines underneath the boat show how the bed of the river appears to the man in the boat if he looks down into it

Illustrations from 'The Universe of Light', by Sir William Bragg (Bell)

lines that separate deep water from shallow. Newton had to suppose that his corpuscles were attracted as they approached the water or the glass and were swung round towards it, so that they plunged into it with speeds greater than they had before. Now the wave theory requires that the reverse shall be the case; refraction occurs because the waves travel more slowly in glass or water than in air. This was unfortunate for Newton's form of the corpuscular theory, because means were devised, long after Newton's day, for comparing the speeds in air and water, and it turned out that the wave theory was right in its prediction, and Newton's theory was wrong.

Current Musical Topics-IX

### Old or New Music?

By FRANCIS TOYE

NE of the four most eminent musicologists in this country made a very remarkable statement in conversation the other day. He said that in fact the works of Wagner, Brahms and Verdi were just as much 'museum pieces' as the works of the older composers. This seems to me to be a very intransigent attitude. As a corrective it is perhaps advisable to recall Sir Thomas Beecham's famous dictum, 'that music is always at least a hundred years behind the times'; which, with due allowance for typical over-statement, would imply, I suppose, that the current musical idiom of our own day is to be found in works composed about 1870.

Obviously these two points of view, emanating from two musicians alike worthy of respect, are as wide apart as the poles, in fact wholly incompatible. Of the two, had I to choose, I would undoubtedly prefer Sir Thomas'. If we are really to regard the operas of Wagner and Verdi, the symphonies, chamber music and songs of Brahms as 'museum pieces', all one can say is that the vast majority of the musical public seems to prefer to spend its life in a museum. Nine out of ten ordinary lovers of music would undoubtedly consider the works of such men, their immediate predecessors or successors, as the normal contemporary idiom. On the other hand, I much doubt if Sir Thomas would refuse to the music of Delius, let us say, the privilege of being strictly contemporary. To be perfectly frank, I rather doubt if either of these two eminent gentlemen really meant in the literal sense what he said. They represent two opposite tendencies, the one inclined to belittle the emotional potentialities of past accomplishments, the other inclined to deny to contemporary efforts any attribute of special value.

The question at issue remains, however, of fundamental importance, for, as we decide in one sense or the other, we pronounce a definite opinion on the importance of contemporary music as such. Does the music of our age, in fact, possess a special meaning for us that no music of the past, however great, can possibly possess? The partisans of contemporary music claim that there is no completely satisfactory substitute for it, because the music of our own time alone is capable of giving us all the thrills latent in music. Needless to say, if the genius of contemporary composers is inferior to that of past composers, we may, so to speak, lose on the swings more than we gain on the roundabouts. Nevertheless, it seems undeniable that a twentieth-century Mozart or Handel, if he existed, would mean more to a twentieth-century public than his eighteenth-century compeers. If, as may possibly be the case at present, we live in a period of experiment and transition when there are no 'great masters', that is our misfortune; but nothing can alter the fact that the art of the past, however great, is to contemporary art like a mountain with contours rounded by years of weathering, to a mountain of which the peaks are still jagged and intact. Our art is, or should be, our own, of which we can appreciate the Dionysiac as well as the Apollonian beauty

Those who are not impressed by this reasoning suggest that it is not till we become familiar with a composer's idiom that we are in a position to appreciate to the fullest possible extent the essence of his musical inspiration. They assert, in short, that so long as there is any conscious difficulty, any conscious surprise in our attitude towards music, we are not really able to assimilate it. For my part I do not agree with this point of view, but there is nothing necessarily absurd about it. Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Indeed, where the arts are concerned, one of the few satisfactory tests of merit that we possess is when greater familiarity increases rather than diminish so our love and respect for a book, a painting or a composition.

Speaking for myself, however, I refuse to admit that it is

possible, from the purely æsthetic point of view, to differentiate between the music of today and yesterday. In instances comparatively extreme, like those of the early eighteenth-century masters, it is doubtless difficult for the modern listener to place himself in the position of a member of the original audience. This does not apply to vocal music, whether of choruses or soloists, because here the convention has changed but little, and the apparatus not at all. But it does apply to instrumental music. Not only have our instruments achieved a mechanical perfection undreamed of by Mozart and Beethoven, not to mention Bach or Handel, but we have grown accustomed to a volume of sonority unknown to those composers. Take, for instance, a Handel oratorio. A modern audience, even allowing for the genius of Handel himself at the organ or the harpsichord, would find the general effect decidedly thin, whereas Handel's contemporaries found it nothing of the kind. Still, we know in practice that this difficulty can be got over. Sometimes this is done by a scholarly rearrangement of the score, occasionally by the ability of a trained listener to transcend the limitations of current or past conventions.

Prima facie the claims of contemporary music appear exceptionally strong because no allowance whatever should have to be made for any handicap on the part of the listener. This music is expressed in accordance with a convention with which he is familiar, and is inspired by the kind of feelings and ideals with which he is in daily contact. All of which sounds very well in theory but does not quite seem to work in practice. To begin with, nine listeners out of ten would resolutely deny that the idiom favoured by their younger musical contemporaries was, in fact, familiar; they might also deny that the feelings and ideals portrayed in contemporary music were in reality typical of the feelings and ideals of the average member of the audience. They may not be justified in this attitude but its wide prevalence cannot be questioned. Besides, all things said and done, what is contemporary music? If Wagner, Verdi and Brahms are to be regarded as 'museum pieces', where is the line to be drawn? Is Strauss more contemporary than Busoni, because the one happens to be alive and the other dead? Is Sibelius more 'modern' than Debussy? In judging what is, and what is not, contemporary, must the ages of composers be correlated with the ages of those who are listening to their music; or is it not a question of age at all but of this or that point of view? I envy anybody who can dogmatise with certainty in this matter. Fortunately, no dogmatic pronouncement seems to me to be either necessary or even desirable.

The commonsense view of the problem is that the whole matter is not so much one of asthetics as of economics. A man has the right to like the music of any period or school, but he owes a definite duty to his contemporaries. In brief, he must share the responsibility of enabling them to live. No generation can afford to let its musicians starve, and its musicians will starve unless they have the opportunity, at any rate, of making their works known to the public. If, after reasonable experiment, the public decides that it will have none of them . . . there is no more to be said. But the public does owe to its composers a reasonable opportunity to make good. The problem was less acute in former times, because this duty was far better realised by aristocratic patrons than by their democratic or plutocratic successors. The social position of composers in the days of patronage may have been less exalted, but, provided they had any talent at all, they were usually able to live. Plutocracy, devoid of traditions and culture; democracy, ignorant and indifferent, have changed all that. A few composers, who happen to be in the vogue, make large fortunes; the rest, unless they happen to possess private means or to have captured some teaching post or other, cannot afford to compose at all. This change is commonly known as Progress.

### Industrial Britain-VII

# Incentives and Rewards of Industry

By Professor JOHN HILTON

F you take the whole personnel of British industry together, the difference between doing our work as well as we can and doing it as badly as we dare is the difference between an industry that ranks AI in the world for competing power and human service, and an industry down among the C3's. Not only that, if we work as badly as we dare we shall turn to naught all that science and invention has given into our hands, and we shall lower the standard of life of all engaged in industry itself. So the difference between working

well and working badly is very important; and on my tour I tried to get further light upon what it is that makes the difference between working in slovenly fashion and working to the best of our

I will start with the people at the top; those who sit in the high places. Though some of my correspondents think otherwise, these fellows have very responsible, very exacting and very wearing

jobs. It is extremely important that their jobs should be done well. Now what is it makes a chairman, a managing director, do his job to the height of his powers instead of doing it as badly as he dare? You may say it is just that if he does it well he will make money and if he does it badly he won't. That, I grant you, isn't for long out of his mid. But if you try to tell me that the thought of the money he is going to make is the one thing, or the main thing, that urges him on to putting his best into his job, then I sug-

gest that you are sadly mis-

taken, and that it is a good

thing for British industry that you are mistaken.

For ask yourself this: who is it he will be making money for, if he succeeds? Here's a snag, right at the very start. If he is what I will call a professional director, without any great capital of his own in the business, he will be making money, not for himself, but for the shareholders. Do you think that what stirs him to his finest powers is the thought of the fat cheques he will be able to write out for the shareholders? If you do, then you have lifted him at once from among the sinners and put him among the saints. Don't do that: he is just an ordinary mortal like you and me, but with his own special gifts (I hope) just as you and I have ours. The net profit he is going to make is not for him a motive, it is a scoring-board. He will have somewhere in his head the thought that a large net profit may be taken as indicating first-class management, and may send his own personal stock up in the world of affairs; but profits go by luck as well as by good management, and those whose eigeded entirely by his discribed is one.

This very significant thing that I have just described is one of the results of the passing of the private joint-stock company and the coming of the public liability company. The change is not yet complete, of course; but it has gone a long way, and

it is heading rapidly towards completion. I know that the people who direct the fortunes of our industrial concerns often have, themselves, large shares in it and are themselves personally enriched by large profits and high dividends. I allow that in such cases the lure of personal gain may help to keep a director's nose to the grindstone. But the signs are of direction and ownership being divorced from each other. The control of industrial concerns is passing slowly but steadily into what I have called 'professional' hands. By 'professional' I mean one chosen for skill in indus-



The Welder

Photograph by Valentino Sarra, from 'Photograms of the Year', 1932

not in the saddle by virtue of his holding of shares. Chosen by whom for his skill in administration? Nominally, of course, by the shareholders. Actually, by some few holders of blocks of shares in communion with the elusive and mysterious set of people who know what's what in these things. Then he is still the hireling of the share-holders? Yes. Then his one thought will be for their advantage? Technically it ought to be; actually it cannot be. The reason is that the very exercise of his job, his responsibility for the organisation, his contacts with the people who with him are running it, force him to think more and more of the organisation and less of the shareholders. He may think fit to hide it or pass it off, but it will come about; for no man can run well a complex organisation of the modern type whose motive is to exploit it for his master. To manage well a man must love deeply. There's the dilemma in which the

trial administration, and

shareholder finds himself today.

That is one of the reasons why our economic system should be so adjusted as to keep industry out of the toils of speculative finance. The share capital manipulator seldom sets foot in the establishments with whose finances he is playing fireworks. I knew of one such company promoter who was an exception. At the point when he had bounced the shares of a promising little enterprise to ten times their original value and was preparing to float a holding company on the top of that, a queer fancy took him. He got into his car and went along to look at the works and the invention which was the subject-matter of his operations. That was told to me by one who had trusted the financier and who still believed in him, although a harsh judgment had sent him to gaol. He put it to me that a financier who would do so unusual a thing as that could not be crooked all through. I tell you the story that you may gather from it the remoteness of financial wizards in general from the atmosphere of the establishments with whose fortunes they play. In that case the concern crashed, manufacture came to an end, and workpeople were discharged, when the financier came to grief. That is not always the result of such operations. In the post-War cotton boom, when so many of our Lancashire mills were

made the playthings of speculators, some of the speculators got out with fortunes, some were left with ruinous losses, but the mills went on: many in debt, many working at a loss, but all trying to run. Watered capital takes no more out of a concern than unwatered capital if the concern is running at a loss. But the effect upon the personnel of an organisation while this sort of thing is going on is deplorable, and the subsequent attachment to the business of a horde of trapped and bitten speculators in place of genuine investors makes industrial organisation extremely difficult.

It is not within my present mission to say how this sort of thing can be prevented or penalised for the future. We may learn a good deal from what President Roosevelt is doing. Happily, gambling in industrial securities and financial conjuring with industrial capital has never with us reached the American pitch. The blame for the mischief of the past and the responsibility for the future is not confined to the wizards of finance. There are two other parties to the transaction without whom they would be helpless. The speculating public is one party, Gamble, if you must gamble, on horses, dogs, cats or monkeys; but leave industry alone. The City is another party. Perhaps 'the City' is helpless and hopeless in this matter. I don't know, But failing self-control, or reinforcing self-control, let us have any form of public control which will fence off industry from gambling.

#### Surplus Profits Should Be Put Back Into Industry

You will gather that I am putting the case for industry to be run, not by owners of the capital it uses, and not by company-promoters, but by industrialists, for the good of everyone through the good of industry. It is a case that requires you to look on industrialists as the hirers, not the hirelings, of capital. If you are prepared to take that view, then you will agree as to the needs of industry in this matter of capital. Industry needs the capital requisite to its proper development at the lowest price at which it can be got, and it needs to get it on such terms that the surplus profits made in industry are not paid away in inflated dividends, but are put back into the business. To achieve these two ends industry must be organised so as to offer greater security and a steadier yield than in the past or at the present.

I left the ruler of our industrial domain at the point where I conceived of him as being vastly more concerned for the wellbeing of the organisation and its personnel than for the enrichment of the investors. (I am not showing much tender concern for the investor; but at any rate I want to give him a steadier, if a lower, income than at present and to save him from losses.) Now, granting that, I return to the question with which I started: what is the urge which drives him, compels him, to do his job as well as he can rather than as badly as he dare? It is that first passion we all have, from our babyhood to our old age, until and unless it is baulked or poisoned—the desire to make something we can be proud of, something that others will esteem us for; and, second, it is that equally deep instinct we all have—to love and care for the work of our own hands and minds. Now in so far as it is your habit to esteem people for the money they have or the money they are making, they will swerve from their real instincts and play up to your falseness. I have said before that I observe a quite definite change in the attitude of ordinary folk like you and me in this matter of worshipping or despising the successful money-maker. I don't put it too high: but a change there is, and the people in the high places of industry are finding, and will find, a greater satisfac-tion in the esteem paid to one who creates and develops a fine organisation than to one who screws a fortune out of a revolting one. There are those who snigger or guffaw at this view. I have heard from one or two. The odd thing is that they are precisely those who want to create an economic system which could not possibly run unless this view of human nature were true.

Now granting that our industrial magnate is devoted to the

concern of which he is the head, what kind of reward would you give him to ensure or increase his devotion? First, how much? Suppose it is a mammoth concern with ten thousand workpeople and a turnover running into millions. What ought his pay to be? There are widely differing schools of thought on this matter. Let me put it in terms of the most extreme views Ought his pay to be in the region of five pounds a week, without pickings, as in Soviet Russia: or in the region of fifteen thousand a year? That's a question not for me to answer but for you to ponder. I will give you one or two lines of approach. One is that the difference between having a first-rate and a third-rate man at the head may be many times fifteen thousand a year. Another is that, things being as they are, if you want a first-class man you may have to pay the market price of firstclass ability. Another is that the market price of ability is a highly conventional, and I would almost say fictitious, price. And another is that a man may be given fifteen thousand a year instead of five hundred, but he won't hereby do thirty times more or better work. So, while there is no economic reason to grudge first-class ability its market price, there is no need in nature to pay that price. The issue goes wider than industry; but regarding it here as an industrial issue, the question is whether it is good for industry that the incomes of those at the top and at the bottom of the pay-sheet should vary so widely.

When you have arrived at your own idea on that, there is a further question for you. Ought the people at the top to be on a standing wage, on time-rate, or ought they to be on some system of payment by results? I am not laying down the law on any of these things, especially as I have always in mind the infinite variety of industry. What is good in one corner of industry may be bad in another. But you will have gathered my general view for what it is worth. It is that where the finer qualities of the mind are concerned the thought of personal gain in the shape of bonus or commission or a share of the profits doesn't count for much in determining the difference between doing a job as well as you can and in doing it as badly

I started with the upper ten of industry because talk about industrial incentives and rewards is so often confined to asking what will induce the workpeople to work in well with the direc tors. It is quite as important to ask what sort of incentives and rewards will make the directors work in well with the workpeople. I suspect the question is shirked because it is regarded as slightly indelicate. I don't know why the pay and working conditions of a director should be any more delicate a matter than the pay and working conditions of an artisan.

### Good Working Conditions and Adequate Wages

Let us skip all the intermediate grades, for lack of time, and come to the people at the lower end of the pay-sheet. I will talk now direct to the wage-earners-men, women, girls and boys. What makes you do your work as well as you can rather than as carelessly or lazily as you dare? This is far and away the most important thing I have mentioned yet in these talks. I don't mean just important to the boss. I mean important to industry and to all the people engaged in it, especially the wageearners. When I ask what makes you work well, I am skipping the very important question of what enables you to work well. Under bad working conditions noone can work other than badly. I finished my tour more than ever impressed with the importance of cleanliness, tidiness, good light, good ventila-tion, even temperature, canteen provisions, and attention to such things as the nature of the floors on which people must stand, and the character of the seats and benches and fitments. Any employer who takes no thought for these things is not fit to be an employer, ought to lose his Employers' Union ticket, and be sent to where he belongs (and to where he is, anyway, likely to end up).

But good conditions at the workplace will not serve unless the wage be good enough to live on. Now the vast majority of British workpeople who are in full work take home pretty good wages. I have told you how the 'real wages' of the average person in full work had increased in recent years. But as I went about, I learned here and there of wages paid, especially to women and girls, on which they could not possibly live, without family help, as a hard-working person ought to live. When I learned of such cases I felt thankful that the Trade Board system looks after the minimum rates of over a million of our less well-organised workpeople, three-quarters of them women and girls; and I wished that either the Trade Board system could be extended so as to cover all such workers in industry proper, or that there might be a national minimum wage below which it was not permissible to employ anyone without special permit. Start with as low a minimum as you like, and be as liberal as you like with permits, but raise your minimum little by little at regular intervals (that should be part of the Act) and see what permits are applied for. Then we should know what conditions were at the lower frances of industrial employment.

Now we don't want to do mischief, but we must try to find out where mischief is being done. In the meanwhile, what can be done? Let me put one or two suggestions to you. Would it be possible, for instance, to strengthen the arm of the trade unions that cater for such membership? Or, on the other side, would it be possible for the great retailing organisations, the big stores and the chain stores, to meet together and agree to insert in all their orders and contracts a 'Fair Wages' clause similar to the clause which appears in Government contracts? Now this raises the whole question of the equalisation of incomes. We can't get away from it. In this country we have gone a certain way in that direction, but the question is whether

we ought not to go farther, and, if so, how it is to be done. As you know, one way to do it is the way that they have done it in Russia, but that means extremes of another sort. I lived for a spell in Old Russia and I have seen a little of New Russia, so I have come in contact with the extremes of Marxian doctrine; but, personally, I don't much like ex-tremes of any sort. What I want you to think about is the bearing of extremes of income upon industry. Are these extremes a good or bad thing for industry at the stage which industry has now reached? What should be the ideal for the kind of industrial order into which, with luck, we may make our way? Obviously none of us want sweated labour at the one end, but do we or don't we want very high in-comes—superfluity of income some people would say—at the other end? Remember that other people consider that large financial rewards are, and will be, necessary to ensure enterprise and progress.

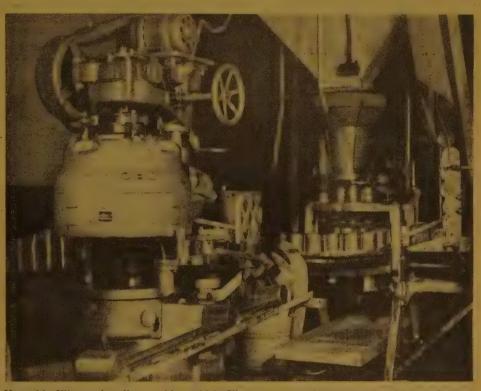
### Stimulus of Profit-Sharing

Enough of extremes. Back to my question. What is it that makes the generality of you wage-earners who are drawing decent pay in decent

jobs work as well as you can rather than as badly as you dare? Fear of the sack? I dealt with that in my last talks. Profit-sharing? I visited one firm with a profit-sharing scheme that pleased me because it was so rough and ready and quick-acting. It was one of those small works that I told you of recently. On the wall was a board looking like a big double thermometer. The board was black, with two columns painted on it, and a scale against each. Every day someone marked with white chalk in one column a line showing what the month's expenses had amounted to so far, and on the other with red chalk he marked what the deliveries had been. The differences in the levels of the two lines was a rough measure of the profit or loss up to date, and every man could tell at a glance roughly what his bonus was going to be at the end of the month. The day before I was there the employer had paid out a monthly profit bonus averaging five pounds apiece to eighty or ninety men on the top of a wage averaging about five pounds a week. I have reservations about the principle of profit-sharing, but in the right kind of works run by the right kind of employer it certainly acts like magic in keeping everybody up to scratch. And in another much larger works I found an old-established co-partnership scheme in operation, a scheme providing for the issue of shares in the firm to work-people at favourable prices. That too, I learned, was working excellently, and was given a good deal of credit for the good feeling that prevailed between employers and work-people. But both these examples confirmed views that I have put to you before. These schemes work well when they are worked by the right people as an outward expression of an inner belief in, and confidence in, the work-people. The employer who has no such belief in his heart had better leave them alone.

Wherever I went on my tour I enquired whether the wages were paid on the basis of day-rate, or piece-work, or day-rate plus a bonus on the time saved over some standard time

allowed for the job. I found the widest possible variation in opinion and in practice. One rather explosive manager in the Potteries (I had interrupted him at an unfortunate moment and used some indiscreet words) gave it to me as his view that British Industry would never do any good in the world until every man-jack in every industry was on piece-work. Yet in one of the mammoth motor firms I visited piece-work was regarded as a device resorted to only by incompetent managements. There the time allowed for every job was calculated, and a man either kept up with the time or he didn't. If he didn't he was moved on to something else or paid off. In the radio works I visited everyone was on payment by time and



Vegetable-filling and sealing-machine, which fills 120 cans a minute, at work at Messrs. Chivers' Huntingdon factory

no one on payment by piece for another reason. Payment by piece might lead to faulty workmanship; and no gains to output or to costs that might follow from payment by piece would compensate for the risk of sending out sets in which there were hidden flaws caused by rushing the work to make a little extra money. In the making of fine instruments, in the new process of electric welding in the ship-yards and boiler-yards, in the bottling of fruit, in many other lines of work where hurrying might lead to scamped workmanship and where the scamped workmanship could easily be hidden from view, piece-work had no place in the wage system. But in other establishments of the most diverse nature piece-work, or some bonus form of payment by results, was the practice wherever it could be applied. I came back from my tour less inclined than ever to generalise upon the relative merits of payment by time and payment by piece. Whether the one system or the other is more effective in inducing an operative to work as well as he can rather than as badly as he dare depends almost entirely on the nature of the work.

Pu-Yi, the new Emperor of Manchukuo, is described by Sir Reginald Johnston in his talk last week as 'artistic, an experi calligraphist, and with a natural gift for drawing fostered by long and constant practice in the manipulation of the Chinese writing-brush. He is also a writer of graceful Chinese verse, and used to publish some of his poems under an assumed name. His preference is for the poetry of his own country and for the music of the West, which has led him to establish an orchestra of his own. Prominent features of his character are his kindness of heart, his sympathy with suffering, and his impulsive generosity. He has a keen sense of humour, is warm-hearted and affectionate, staunch in his friendship, and singularly free from malice and vindictiveness. Another outstanding feature of his character is physical courage'. The new Emperor has just turned 28 years.

The National Character—XX

## Effects of Modern Industry on National Character

By SIR HERBERT AUSTIN

T will scarcely be necessary to go back to the advent of machinery for our contrast with past conditions to obtain a true picture of the changes that have been brought about in the general character of the worker since the Industrial Revolution in 1760.

Unfortunately for many years after the introduction of mechanical power the exploitation of labour which took place in this country created a false perspective and gave no real impression of the advantages which the proper and gradual application of machinery should have, and has since, brought to the industrial classes, especially within the last twenty-five years. The beginning of the nineteenth century was a dark patch in Britain's industrial history, though there is little doubt that out of the privations of that time came good, for very necessary industrial reforms were brought about

which have had a decided bearing on our national progress and the standard of living of the workers, facts which must have considerably influenced the character of the people.

It will be sufficient, I think, for our purpose if we draw our comparison with conditions obtaining, say, fifty years ago, as the intervening years are within my own ken, both as a worker and an employer of labour, and can no doubt be remembered by many others. Incidentally, it covers a period

which has seen the greatest advances in science and mechanisation.

It would be advisable at the outset to decide what we mean by the national character. So far as I can see for the purpose of this talk it must mean the effect of the industrial revolution upon the character of the worker in industry; upon his mode of living; the development of his characteristic failings and virtues; and his comparison with other workers of the world. We must be careful, however, not to apply any generalisations we may make to the individual, but to the mass to which they properly relate, for individuals would be found to vary considerably, each having little peculiarities, likes and dislikes, and a varied outlook upon life. Carlyle reminds us that 'the masses consist all of units. Every unit has his own heart and sorrows; stands covered with his own skin and if you prick him he will bleed'.

### Working Conditions Fifty Years Ago

In order that we may decide what particular points have had a bearing on the national character, let us just take a look at the conditions of the great majority of the British working population half-a-century ago. Then, the lot of the industrial worker was not such a pleasant one as some of those who like to dwell in the past would have us believe. It may have been less complicated for those who had money invested or were in the position of masters, but for the industrial worker it was

anything but a sinecure. To begin with, hours were unduly long; wages were small and overtime was practically unknown, simply because there were few leisure hours from which it could be taken. On the whole, working conditions were onerous. Machine shops and factories started work at 6 a.m. and men were often locked in until they had completed the hours required to finish work in hand.

The lighting in most of the works was deficient; heating or ventilating arrangements were practically non-existent. Provision for fresh drinking water was seldom made, while sanitation in workshops was primitive, even so few years ago. Machines called for a great deal of setting up and needed much manual effort, and often could only be operated with a considerable amount of personal danger. There was no compensation, either, in those days. Measuring tools were of a

very poor quality compared with those of today and consequently skill was manual rather than mental.

It is little wonder, then, that such conditions had a restraining effect upon the character and health of the people. Not enjoying any comforts worth mentioning in working conditions, they were content with a much lower standard of home life. Workingclass women were usually very simply dressed, as clothes and boots and such items were expensive. For a great



Working conditions forty years ago—a match-factory in 1895

By permission of the Wood Lantern Slide Co.

majority there was little diversion other than that offered by the public house, and drunkenness was all too often resorted to as an escape from the drab surroundings of a working-class district

The system under which men worked encouraged, perhaps, more of the individual effort, and a man would plan his own work with little thought of his fellows.

#### Dignity of the Bowler Hat

It is hard to believe today that less than fifty years ago it was almost considered 'infernal cheek' for a workman to aspire to a bicycle, while he would never think of coming to work wearing a bowler hat—that was the prerogative and insignia of power of the 'boss'. Transport conditions were such that a very small proportion of the workers ever got far outside their own town or village. Is it any wonder, then, that the worker of that time was a man of comparatively few interests outside his own work and home? The industrial conditions tended to submerge his self-expression, restricted his outlook and when he gave a thought to his future prospects, there must have been kindled in him a distinct sense of injustice. It was such conditions which at that time were strengthening the trade-union movement, though the unions were meeting with much opposition, mostly from the skilled men.

It is surprising, also, what a high proportion of industrial workers could not read or write fifty years ago, and it was only

the exceptions who sought to better themselves by study after a long day at work. I consider, however, that there was existent a much stronger national feeling, and patriotic demonstrations were a matter of much importance and rejoicing. Such occasions provided one of the few possible outlets for popular emotion.

I should say, generally speaking, that the physique of the men in the heavier industries was better than it is today, for then their work called for much greater physical effort and endurance. Perhaps it was a case of the survival of the fittest, or were the women of those days better cooks? The lack of diversion in small towns and villages turned the more athletic-

ally minded to sports of a much more strenuous nature than most of those popular today. Wrestling and such pastimes, for instance, were extremely popularamongst youths, and the watching of pro-fessional sport had not attained the hold or the attraction that it has now. British athletes were supreme throughout the world and consequently enjoyed considerable prestige. This all helped to create the national feeling to which I have referred above and made us as a nation if anything somewhat self-satisfied. This feeling of selfsatisfaction was also increased by the fact that at that time British industry practically monopolised the world and British goods were being sent to all corners of the globe.

I should sum up the character of the industrial worker of fifty years ago as unimaginative, stolid, good - hearted

and a faithful worker with explicit faith in the capabilities of the 'boss'. He tended, perhaps, to be a little narrow-minded as a result of his environments, and was somewhat intolerant to new ideas, for there still existed some sympathy with the prejudices of the previous generation who had suffered the 'birth throes' of the Machine Age.

Let us see what change mechanical progress has brought about in our national character since the days I have just described. The chief influences which have been at work moulding the national character of the worker during the period could, I think, be summed up under three main headings: Education, The Machine, and Transport. Of the three, educational reform must of necessity take first place, though the development of the machine has gone hand in hand with it, and has been dependent upon it to a very great extent,

for the great machines used in modern industry, while perhaps not calling for such physical effort on the part of the worker as was the case in the old days, do generally call for a higher average of intelligence to achieve the maximum results. We must not lose sight of the fact either that the machines have turned totally unskilled and semi-skilled labour into units of definitely productive value capable of earning good wages, whereas in the past this large section of the workers was condemned to eke out a mere existence from purely manual toil.

This turning of a larger proportion of the workers into productive industry has had the effect of allowing large numbers

of working-class families to expend more on the education of their sons and daughters, with the result that a considerably greater percentage of the community are highly developed intellectually. This also has a danger, indus-trially, because it tends to create a superficial culture which is apt to turn the mind of the youth against the jobs his father was proud to do.

Today in a modern factory the average worker is an ultra - modern craftsman compared with the worker of fifty years ago. Boys and girls are asked today to undertake work which requires an intelligence and knowledge that would have been quite be-yond the majority of adult workers in the past. For instance, the standard of arithmetic called for in the average machine shop is very high. All these facts help to create character in so far as



Modern working conditions—a match factory today

By courtesy of Messrs, Bryant and May, I.td.

they demand greater intelligence and application from a much larger number of people.

What is more, the machine and intensive industrial methods have created an entirely new monied class of workers in receipt of an annual income of some £250. From this class are drawn large numbers of house purchasers, small car and wireless buyers, holiday makers, income tax payers, and so on. This class in itself has created markets of considerable value, yet all made possible by the machine, which is able to turn out goods hitherto considered luxuries, at prices within the reach of the modest income.

The character of the workers is rapidly changing. Today it is unusual, almost unique, to see a man, woman or child without boots or shoes, yet it was a very common sight in any industrial town at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Workers, both men and women, especially the younger generation, take a pride in appearance and are able to purchase clothes and shoes at prices which would have been impossible even prior to the War. Education, better working and living conditions are, I am sure, having a decided effect on the character of the people as a whole, for not only are they becoming more law-abiding, but they are taking a great interest in matters of everyday import. No longer is the public house the only diversion; there are football, cinema, dance, wireless and numerous other pursuits. The sight of a drunken man in our streets is now rare. The improved hours of work make it possible for the youth to take advantage of the very excellent facilities that are available through the medium of evening classes

The progress made may at times have appeared slow, but at any rate it has been sure. We have not yet reached the millenium, but the improvements I have mentioned are progressive, and along with them national character will expand and

rise to even higher standards.

Science and invention have played an important part in raising the standard of living of the worker, at the same time improving the general character of the population. Gone to a great extent is the narrow-minded crabbed outlook of the average working man. No longer is he confined to his own town or village or even his own country. Transport facilities have made it easier for him to get into the town or to the seaside. Improved touring arrangements have made it possible for him to see other countries, and in this respect the War broadened the outlook of many thousands of young men who had hitherto been confined to their own villages. Men in small towns are able today to enjoy the amenities of the large cities, and innovations and improvements are not confined to the city dweller. The cinema, too, provides a source of educational propaganda by showing what is going on throughout the world; wireless brings the Continental city intimately into touch with the most remote village. Newspapers and booksnot, I am sorry to say, always good—are, thanks to the machine, available to everyone, while our educational system ensures that all can read and profit by them.

#### Co-operation is Replacing Individualism

Can we be surprised, then, that the character of the people has changed or that the people are more self-reliant, self-respecting and aspire to still better conditions?

The individualism of the worker of fifty years ago has practically disappeared. The spirit of co-operation is more in evidence; mass production and highly-organised industry has seen to that. In modern production one man is responsible for his results largely on the efforts of his colleagues—in other words, production is a matter of exact synchronisation. The speed-up has also had the effect of making him quicker thinking and more alert.

Many matters of everyday interest provide pointers to the changing character of masses of the population. The substantial war-savings which have accumulated, the large deposits in municipal banks, the growth of hire purchase, and the number of people now owning their own homes, indicate not only a higher wage scale and standard of living, but a growing sense

thrift.

Modern factory conditions have improved the health of the worker in every branch of industry, and I think we are seeing the result of this, not only in the decreased death-rate, but in the fact that the average height of the population has increased. In addition, social services, averaging some 8s. per week per worker, provide the means of improving the physical and mental well-being.

It would be a mistake to imagine that all these improved amenities are the result of trade-union efforts. There are and always have been large numbers of employers who have set a good example and shown the way to improved conditions. In this direction, as in most others, this country has been the pioneer. There is no doubt that the trade-union movement, in the beginning, did a great deal towards the betterment of working conditions, but I am afraid that if the unions do not adjust their views to take care of modern industrial developments there will be a strong swing of the pendulum away from them. Youth seems to be realising the bad effects of the unions' restrictions on individual effort, and is shaking free from their shackles. I think this is a direct reaction of the after-War period when nobody appeared to want to do a real day's work. The definite revolt against trade unionism in some other countries is an indication of the unions' failure to adjust their influences to suit modern developments.

#### Modern Youth is Inquisitive But Not Adventurous

Youth today will no longer take for granted doctrines of any kind without investigation—an improved educational standard doubtless accounts for this attitude. They want to know more about fundamentals—they are more inquisitive. That, I think, is a great characteristic of young workers today, and for this reason they are looking towards Fascism, Nazi-ism and even Communism for their inspirations. The uncertainty of unemployment during the past few years probably helped to create this trend, for youth feels that the trade-unions' attitude

tends to restrict rather than encourage progress

Against all the advantages which have helped towards a higher standard of character I would make certain observations. The amenities and diversions available have restricted somewhat the urge to strike out on new lines. The spirit of adventure is not so strong as it was, and youths generally would rather put up with conditions they know than venture into the unknown to make their own way. There is a tendency, also, to take the easier jobs that provide a small, though perhaps more certain, income. In spite of these failings I should take exception to the accusation that the British worker is lazy. I am inclined to agree that he perhaps has not got the reputation for strenuous work that he had a century ago, at which time it was found profitable by continental countries to import English navvies and pay them double wages on account of their superior energy. All the same, the English worker today is, I consider, equal to any of his Continental prototypes, and his standard of craftsmanship is still unsurpassed.

Of this I am certain, that the character of the British worker was never higher, neither is it inferior in any way to that of any worker of the world, while the standard of living he demands and obtains is higher than any, with the exception of the United States. I feel that the trend of development is increasingly concerned with the mind, and that honest, accurate and logical thinking will be the chief attributes of the future generation and its greatest weapon in the fight for existence and better conditions. Mechanisation is now relieving the brain

of the old tediums and giving it new stimulus. The slaves of metal labour, while the mind of man directs.

### What Shall I Read?

III—Queer Tales

III—Queer Tales
In his talk on March 6, Mr. W. E. Williams discussed supernatural stories and scientific 'thrillers'. His particular examples were drawn from Collected Ghost Stories by Dr. M. R. James (Arnold 8s. 6d.), The Short Stories of H. G. Wells (Benn, 7s. 6d.) and The Terror by Arthur Machen (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.). The following list of additional recommendations may be useful to those who like this kind of reading:
GHOST STORIES: Hauntings, by Vernon Lee (Lane, 3s. 6d.); The Mirror of Shalott, by Robert Hugh Benson (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d.); The Room in the Tower, by E. F. Benson (Mathews, 5s.); Madam Crowl's Ghost, by J. S. Le Fanu (Bell, 3s. 6d.); Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror (Gollancz, 1st series, 5s.; 2nd series, 8s. 6d.)
SEMI-SUPERNATURAL AND FREAK TALES: Can Such Things Beed by Ambrose Bierce; The Eyes of the Panther, by Ambrose Bierce (Cape, 3s. 6d. each); Tales of Mystery and Imagination,

by Edgar Allan Poe (Collins, 2s. 6d.); Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, by R. L. Stevenson (Dent, 2s.).

SCIENTIFIC THRILLERS: The Island of Dr. Moreau, by H. G. Wells—a long and sensational narrative of a scientist who tried to make animals into men on a remote South Sea island; First Men in the Moon, by H. G. Wells; The War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells—a realistic chronicle of an invasion of the world by the inhabitants of Mars (Benn, 3s. 6d. each); A World of Women, by J. D. Beresford—suppose a mysterious disease killed off nearly all the male population but left the women untouched?; Captain Sparrow's Island, by S. Fowler Wright (Collins, 3s. 6d.)—the story of a man who found the strangest island on earth; Deluge, by S. Fowler Wright (Harrap, 2s. 6d.)—a narrative of what happened when a great flood immersed the world); Last and First Men, by W. Olaf Stapledon (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)—an imaginative excursion into the future history of the world and its surrounding universe. the world and its surrounding universe,

### Whither Britain?—IX

### By VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA

OST of the previous speeches in this series have dealt—and rightly dealt—with the Britain of the immediate present or very near future. What are we heading for at this present moment, and how can we possibly avoid hitting it? But perhaps for a change I might be allowed to get away from the immediate depressing present in which our noses are being so uncomfortably rubbed every hour of the working day, and talk of those remote ideals' upon which Mr. Churchill poured scorn. In half-an-hour there is not time to deal adequately both with ends and means; if, therefore, I for a change deal with ends rather than means, there is, after all, a certain case for it. In times such as these we must all of us, whatever our profession, live for the most part on a hand-to-mouth basis, continually improvising new remedies for ever changing and always pressing evils. That is inevitable. But we ought surely to have at the back of our minds some ultimate objective, however remote, some idea of where we want to get to and why, or in the ever-shifting tides of the world's economic and political maelstrom we may succeed in keeping afloat, but we can scarcely hope to do more.

Here is my ideal of a Britain fit to live in. Firstly, of course, a Britain which is part of a world in which peace is ensured. Almost every speaker in this series has emphasised that, and heaven knows with good cause. A world from which not merely war but also the fear of war, at least of a war of any size, and all that goes with it in terrifying and ruinous races in armaments, is eliminated. And further, a world from which not only political war, but economic war has been banished in which, as said the prophet Micah, 'Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree and

none shall make them afraid'.

#### Material Benefits of Peace-

Now I am going to be perfectly frank with you. I am not one of those who believe that within measurable time we can turn man into a non-fighting animal who never wants to bash his neighbour over the head. (And how anyone can look round the world today and still go on holding such a beautiful dream I can't conceive.) When I talk of a world in which peace is ensured, I don't mean a world in which a miraculous change has taken place overnight and we have all become angels. I mean a world in which no miracle has taken place, but which has decided that it would rather keep itself in order than commit suicide, which has agreed that brawling shall not be permitted among the nations, just as in Britain today we have agreed that brawling shall not be permitted in the streets. Not a world in which fighting has lost its attractions, or nations ceased to lose their tempers; but a world in which all the nations have put their arms behind an agreed law, and no nation is allowed to endanger the common peace. A world in which fighting is not permitted, in which those who for the moment want to run amok are controlled by the collective will.

Very well, then, I want a Britain which is part of a world from which fear of war on the grand scale has practically been banished; that first of all. And then? Secondly, I want to see a Britain in which there is sufficient food, good housing, warmth and comfort, good air and light for all, in which all men work and there is work for all, and a reasonable amount of leisure for all: a Britain—not over-populated as large parts of the country are today—in which men are healthy: an island from which the C<sub>3</sub> man has been banished. Thirdly, a Britain in which there are no barriers. In which neither race nor class nor sex nor marriage nor any other irrelevant consideration forms any kind of stumbling block to full economic, political and social status and opportunity. In which, above all, all men share equally in such security as it is possible to obtain. Fourthly, an island in which education in the widest sense is given the place of honour and is proportional to one thing only—capacity. Ultimately, of course, no really educated and civilised community will be able to live happily under any system but one which ensures equal consideration and equal opportunity to all—and that involves approximately equal wealth for all. Ultimately there will be neither rich nor poor.

I am not one of those who hold the absurd fairy tale of a belief that it is possible permanently to insulate one small island from the rest of a world which is already, whether we like it or not, to some degree a psychological and very largely an economic unit—or to give that island for any length of time any sense of security in conditions far in advance of those obtainable in the world at large. I know that I cannot have what I want for Britain until the rest of the world gets something like it too.

### -As the Foundation of Real Civilisation

Is the ideal of a world from which fear of war or starvation has been practically eliminated, where all have enough, where all are equal, a dull ideal? I have heard it said so. I have heard it said that it would make for an unenterprising, a standardised, a uniform, an ant-like, a deadly dull world. People who have so little imagination that they envisage peace, security, equality as ends in themselves will sometimes tell you that they would spell utter boredom—and if they were ends in themselves that, I think, might be true enough. For these matters of income, of status, of equality by themselves are just dead things; but they are not ends in themselves. Man cannot live by bread alone—but he has got to have the bread first. Dull? These things are the ground-work of the most exciting of all possible worlds. They are the subsoil, the foundation on which might be built a real civilisation. They are not (heaven forbid!), as those on both sides seem to imagine, the civilisation itself. We need equality of material conditions, of opportunities, not in order to make all men alike, but to set all men free to be different, to grow as they will to their own pattern. We need peace, not to stop adventure but to give it a chance to increase—not to stop men risking their lives (we shall not—we can never—take risk out of the world) but to give them more chance to risk them for the things that are worth while. But, above all, the adventures that will grow are the adventures of the mind and of the spirit. And those in the end are the only realities, the adventures that can satisfy yet never quench desire. Give us peace, security and justice and we may come to build upon those foundations such a civilisation, we may come to know such adventures, to be capable of reaching to such ecstasy as today we cannot even begin to dream of: such as only a few men here and there throughout the ages—saints, scholars, artists—have for a few short hours attained to.

### 'Take What You Want, and Pay for It'

I have given you a picture of the future as I should like to see it. But how to get there? You cannot really separate the end from the means. It is no use setting out on a journey before you have made up your mind whether it is Birmingham you want to go to—or Crewe. If a man does not even know whether he prefers to live in London or John o' Groats he

will be of no more use than a feather-bed in helping Britain to get anywhere. That is one thing certain.

There are in fact three absolutely essential preliminaries to getting what one wants. Firstly, one must know what one wants. Anyone who has ever lived in a family, brought up a nursery-full of children, or sat upon a committee, will know that the child or the man who gets his way is the child or the man who always knows what he wants, who comes into the room knowing what he wants. Secondly, one must have sufficient commonsense to know what getting one's own way involves and how much it will cost (for it always costs something), and to know which step comes first, which second. It is not enough to have wise, intelligent, courageously minded statesmen. Heaven knows we shall need them! But we shall need every bit as much a wise, intelligent, world-minded and courageously minded population. Do not blame the politicians over much. A nation gets, after all, the politicians it deserves. The statesmen, remember, are like dogs on the end of a chain.

They cannot get much beyond the people they represent.

The third preliminary to getting one's own way is that one must be prepared to pay the price involved. For, as I have just said, whether in the life of the individual or the nation, everything worth having has in one way or another to be paid for. If, for example, one wants security, one must, to get it, give

up some freedom. If one prefers freedom one must sacrifice security. If one is either unable or unwilling to face that fundamental law and make the necessary sacrifice, one can never hope to get what one wants. You can't eat your cake and have it—or there's another old proverb which expresses it better: "Take what you want", said God, "take it and pay for it". These three things then: to know what one wants; to be wise enough to know what price has to be paid for it—and thirdly, to be prepared to pay that price. These are the essentials. If a nation has these and a united will, it can, as we have seen many a time in this last decade—for good or evil-work miracles.

#### Peace Cannot Wait

But to get back to the most immediate of the things I have been discussing—peace. The rest can wait maybe, but peace cannot. That is one point on which I think everyone who has spoken, from Mr. Churchill and Mr. Quintin Hogg at the one end of the pole, to Mr. Wells at the other, has agreed. Mr. Quintin Hogg, it is true, seemed to think that peace was very easy to come by. He preached with all the pathetic naivety of youth that old familiar stager, the 'splendid isolation' prophylactic which has failed more often than any other-failed chiefly because, as all history teaches, and as we older ones know from bitter experience, a really big war is like a whirlpool—when it comes to the point, however magnificent your previous resolutions, willy-nilly you get drawn in. Mr. Churchill—the lessons of experience are not for such as him belongs to much the same school of optimists. 'First and worst', he told us, 'there is the danger of war—I am all for diplomacy and good intentions, but first of all we ought to make this island safe'. And he went on to give us his recipe. 'Surely we ought to put our defences into such a state that we can, if we choose, live our own life in our own way, and develop our own country and its great possessions as we think fit'. A bright idea, which has also occurred to every other nation in the world-and they are all trying to carry it out. It has only one weak point. Since it involves being stronger than any other nation, or any other conceivable combination of nations against one, we can't all carry it out together. Only one nation at a time can be stronger than all the others. (If you don't believe me when I say that—go back to school and study arithmetic.) And as I see it, that one nation isn't very likely to be Britain. We are no longer the richest nation in the world. And moreover several other countries are either more war-minded or more frightened than we are and are therefore more likely to spend all their money on arming themselves. That is the weak point in Mr. Churchill's plan and that is why, simple though it sounds, and though it has been followed by every politician the world over since the days of Adam, and has bred fear, distrust, growing anxiety in the hearts of all the nations through all the centuries, there is just one thing it has never done. It has never avoided war. Yes, that is the weak point in Mr. Churchill's plan, but you could not expect him to see that. The man is a romanticist, not a realist.

Mr. Wells has the brains to see the nursery-minded stupidity involved in the old 'splendid isolation' prophylactics. Yet I found myself temperamentally in considerable opposition to Mr. Wells. In his extraordinarily interesting and thoughtprovoking talk he said: 'I am not in the narrow sense of the word, a patriot—and I am no sort of nationalist at all'.

Let me too make, as he did, my confession of faith, I will try to make it as honestly as possible. Where I differ from Mr. Wells is that I am a patriot, and am even to a very considerable extent a nationalist. Not altogether with my brain perhapsmy conscious brain may hold a more logical faith. But with what matters very much more—with my heart—with every fibre of my body and being, with all that unconscious part of me that really dictates all my sudden and most profound reactions and emotions. In the War I was never a pacifist and I never attempted to be impartial; I didn't want the best man to win, I wanted England to win. And—I'm going to be quite honest—I didn't want the War to stop until it had. Yet I knew what the War meant—it was unbearable—I never forgot that Front in France. And if another war broke out I am pretty sure I should be the same. For I am that kind of person. I am not proud of it, though I am not terribly ashamed of it. It is not, of course, that I think my country is always in the right. I know very well that it isn't. No, I have no more illusions about my country than I have about myself. But

that old toast I have so often heard derided is a toast I could drink myself: 'May my country be always in the right-but

my country, right or wrong'.

I expect that that has shocked a good many of you. But ask yourself one question. Are you sure, dead sure (even perhaps if in peace time you are a professed pacifist), that you aren't made the same way yourself? Are you sure that 90 per cent. of the people of this and of every country are not? Well, anyhow, as I have said, I am. And from that follows a further point. I want peace. But quite frankly there are—and in my heart I know it—things I care for more than peace. Sir Norman Angell, writing in *Time and Tide* on February 3 last, said that most people cared even more about securing national defence than they did about securing peace. When I read that I searched my own heart and I found that I at least did. I want peace, but I don't want peace at any price. I know that I could find peace too dearly bought. I do, as Sir Norman Angell said, put the defence, the security, the freedom of my country, my instinctive violent objection to the idea of seeing it overrun by any alien people or coming under the heel of any other country, before peace.

#### Need for Collective Security

What, then, am I to do about it? How am I to reconcile my love for my country and my national pride with my profound conviction that another big war would be fatal to civilisation and the sense of realism that tells me that when Mr. Churchill says that all we have to do to prevent war is to make ourselves the strongest nation in the world, he is talking through his hat, and advocating a method whose only effect must be to make the intervening period, before the next war breaks, even more expensive, anxious, uncomfortable and back-breaking in national taxation than it otherwise would be? I can see only one way. The way of collective security. The way of strengthening the hands of the League of Nations. (Oh! I know the League is out of fashion just now! It has been before. It is not so good, they tell us, as it used to be-well, like Punch, it never was.)

And there's another point. I think of my country versus other countries instinctively in terms of the householder versus the burglar, though I know very well—I have read enough history for that—that that is not always quite the truth of it, and I know even better that every other citizen in every other country uses in his heart the same analogy. When every nation feels itself to be a virtuous householder, either defending its silver spoons against burglars or demanding from them the restitution of its stolen property (there is no real difference in kind between the two attitudes, only of degree) and each in the other's eyes is a burglar, I know very well that there is only one way out of it. Sir Norman Angell is right enough when he tells us that the demand for pre-ponderance of armament 'to defend our national rights' is the demand of one litigant in a civil action to be made also its judge'. I know he is right, too, when he tells us that justice and peace alike demand the transfer of power from the litigants to the law. That is the only way. 'To offend and judge', said Shakespeare, 'are distinct offices and of opposed natures'. There is only one safe defence for any nation, and that is for all countries to put their arms behind an agreed law

I would rather, of course, persuade the entire world to believe the simple thesis that England is always right—but I recognise impossibility when I see it. I know very well I have got to pay some price for peace, and freedom from the horror of war, and this seems to me the least price I can pay. I will agree to abide by international control just as I would agree in any individual quarrel to take my case for judgment to the Courts. For that is, in my belief, the one and only chance of world peace. And as a first step I will do all in my power to world peace. And as a first step I will do all in my power to strengthen the hands of the League of Nations and to help forward in every possible way the idea of collective security. And I will fight tooth and nail the infantile absurdities of the 'splendid isolationist' and 'make ourselves the strongest nation in the world' schools, whether they are held by people in their first or second childhood.

That is Britain's future as I see it. A great future. To get in on the ground floor in this new plan for collective security. To take the lead—generously, far-sightedly, courageously—in planning for world-control of labour, of commodities, of currency—and above all of tempers. To make the writ of world-law run round the globe

### Should the Church be Disestablished?

(Continued from page 384)

Church seriously, and with that idea in my mind-I may say in my bones—I find it all very right and proper. You keep on saying that you aren't discussing the idea of a national Church. Well, I am, and because I believe in the value of that kind of Church, I not only find these things tolerable, I actually like them. Now I find it very interesting to hear you claiming that you and your fellow Free Churchmen perpetuate the mediæval idea of the Church dictating to the nations. I am a bit vague as to what it all means in modern terms, but I quite see that the sons of Calvin and the sons of Hildebrand have something in common. And I don't in the least want to deny that the world owes them both a great deal. All the same I don't really like either of them, and I don't take kindly to this notion of 'dictating to the nations' in the name of God's Word. One of the reasons why I believe in a national Church is that I consider it a safeguard against a political sort of religion. We live in an age when the chief groupings of mankind are national. I think this will go on for an indefinite period in spite of Moscow or the Pope. I think it is good and right that the ecclesiastical organisation should fit in with the national grouping, which I regard as part of the providential ordering of history. Mind you, I hold as strongly as you do that Christianity itself is supernational. I don't say, and I don't think, that the national Church idea is essential to Christianity itself. I believe that there is a Church of cosential to Christianity itself. I believe that there is a Church of Christ: one single individual Church. But I don't think you can say—here we should agree—that this one Church can be identified with any single organisation, or with a number of particular Churches added together. This one Church can and does reveal itself in different particular forms. The national Church is one form, and I think a very noble form. This idea has struck root in our country; those very things which you regard as objectionable go to make up the constitution of a national Church of England. Any constitution may become intolerable—a national Church constitution is no exception to that rule, nor is any other Church constitution that I know of. It's time enough to cry when we are hurt. You talk of 'the Crown rights of the Lord Jesus Christ'. I am not used to that phrase, and I don't quite know what it means, but I agree with Hooker and others of our great English writers that when we acknowledge the King as Supreme Governor of the Church in this Christian nation, we do no dishonour whatever to Jesus Carist as Head of the Whole Church.

Church.

N. M.: We do seriously differ in opinion, but our differences hardly seem to me to be ultimate. You do not wish the Church of England to be partial and sectarian, and I am sure you would not insist upon State dominance over the Church. I, on the other side, am not a Nonconformist for fun or out of mere dissidence, nor do I repudiate in principle the idea of a national Church. I strongly suspect that if you and I were made joint dictators, we could come to an honourable and mutually satisfactory agreement, and I suggest that now we explore together that measure of agreement which we have already. But in doing so we ought to remind ourselves, and any who may still be listening to us, that neither of us is wholly typical, and that in practice the sons of Zeruiah, by which I mean the indefatigable warriors in our different camps, will be too much for us. Our problem is in practice vastly complicated by a long inheritance of bitterness and misunderstanding and by extreme men of various persuasions.

J. C.: I'm very glad to hear you say that. We do differ in

suasions.

J. C.: I'm very glad to hear you say that. We do differ in opinion, and pretty seriously. All the same I think you are right when you say that our differences are not ultimate. I believe you and I could reach a working understanding, and to speak frankly, I believe that ultimately I am nearer to you than to an important section in my own Communion. Indeed, I believe that the gravest threat to the ideal which I defend does not today come from the Free Churches, but from within the Established Church.

N. M.: I have no interest in religious uniformity, but I con-

Established Church.

N. M.: I have no interest in religious uniformity, but I confess that I long to see in England a truly national Church. I hope that there may yet be a healing of our divisions through religious insight and mutual understanding and not under mere stress of economic pressure. I agree with you, of course, that Christianity is an international religion, and we sadly need the Christian Internationale. We need what we have come to call a national Church or a Church nationally organised for reasons both practical and spiritual. It is true there is no value in mere size, and that size to a Church is spiritually dangerous, because it tends to bureaucracy, uniformity and the suppression of freedom. We must not forget those grave disadvantages, but we need a national Church, that is, the organised fellowship and co-operation of all Christians as far as possible in order to perform the task which is clearly laid upon us. Look, for instance, at any ordinary parish. You will find the vicar and his curate often making heroic efforts to minister to the spiritual

needs of a big locality except in so far as members of the parish have, so to speak, contracted out of the system; the Parish Church will offer only one type of worship, it will appeal only sectionally; the task of caring for the real spiritual needs of the district is far beyond the powers and even the gifts of its present staff, while many of those who should be the strongest leaders and helpers have 'contracted out' and attend one of the Free Churches, where they enjoy a very genuine and deep Christian fellowship, but sectional and largely isolated. If, instead of living in isolation or competition, the Christian communities were united for service, how infinitely more effective they would be for the Church's direct work of evangelism and pastoral oversight; for the provision of clubs, recreations, and opportunities for a fuller life which every neighbourhood needs and which 'charity' and goodwill must always provide; and, last, for making effective intervention in the whole corporate life of the district. The same applies on the national scale. We may be more comfortable in our separate conventicles, but the cause of Christ requires that we should stand shoulder to shoulder and act together. That is the practical issue.

The spiritual issue I can put more briefly. Very many Free Churchmen are occasional conformists, but few have much idea of what the Church of England means to those who love her from within; and the average Anglican ignorance of the life and practice of the Free Churches is even worse. Anglican, Methodist and, let us say, Congregational types of piety are very different. I should not dream of saying that one is more Christian different. I should not dream of saying that one is more Christian than another, and I certainly do not want to see a forced amalgam of the three; but we inherit alike one common faith and one common task, and we ought to be organised for brotherly fellowship and co-operation. You understand, then, that for myself I long to see a national Church and I take no pleasure in Nonconformity for its own sake. I seem to myself to agree with you about a national Church, but what about an established Church? I do not know how to say a final yes or no to theat till the term 'established' is more clearly defined. While you delight in, or are satisfied with, the present establishment, I feel rather hopeless, but perhaps you will come to meet me

J. C.: I am all with you in what you say as to the need for unity and fellowship between the different bodies of Christians, both on practical and on spiritual grounds. I want, like you, to encourage co-operation and brotherly relations. I want to see the unity of the Body of Christ reflected in our organisation. But on Establishment in the general sense that the Church of England as the national Church should remain under public control, I do not write draw. I think it with in our present conditions to stand

unity of the Body of Christ reflected in our organisation. But on Establishment in the general sense that the Church of England as the national Church should remain under public control, I do not withdraw. I think it vital in our present conditions to stand by this. I believe it answers to a reality in the religious condition of the English people, which is not represented by any other denomination, and least of all by the Episcopalian sect, which you might help to create, if you forced Disestablishment, in the actual conditions in which we all have to live.

N. M.: We have considerable agreement as well as some disagreement. About the idea of a national Church we are largely of one mind, but whereas you think we have a national Church now, I think we ought to have one as soon as possible. As regards Establishment, you thoroughly believe in the present form of what I call subjection of the Church to the State. I take the strongest exception to this on the ground of Churchmanship, but whether I object to every kind of Establishment on principle I hardly know, for we have come to no definition of Establishment. But I want to make it quite clear that I do not believe in the secular State. The State must recognise religion or perish. It cannot contract out of its obligation to obey the law of God, and there is only one God. If Establishment can mean a due recognition of the Church by the State, I think I have no quarrel with you about that. But it must not be the subjection of the Church to the State, but the due and proper deference of the State to a divine and international society.

J. C.: For my last word, I will underline our agreements. We both think we ought to have a national Church, and neither of us believes in the secular State. It's a great thing to hear that common ground made clear. As you say, we have not arrived at a definition of the Disestablishment that you would like to see. Of course I think your phrase 'the subjection of the Church to the State' begs the question. You don't approve of the posi

Pillars of the English Church—IV

## Richard William Church

By the Rev. Canon A. C. DEANE

We print here the last of the talks on the Scribes of the English Church. Future contributions to the series by the Master of the Temple, Professor Raven and Prebendary Mackay, will deal with some of the Rulers, Prophets and Parish Priests famous in English Church history

**7**OU couldn't easily find two clerics less alike than George Crabbe, with whom I dealt a fortnight ago, and Richard William Church, my present subject. It was, of course, Crabbe's poetry which gained him his place in my team of Scribes, and his poetry, as we saw, was remarkably in advance of his age. Apart from that, he was just a typical easy-going parson of the eighteenth century. Church was a leader in that great nineteenth-century revival which, among its other results, immensely raised the standard of life and devotion among the English clergy. Church's humility, his hatred of anything like self-advertisement, have caused people rather to forget how great his influence was. He himself wrote a history, still the standard work on the subject, of the first stage of the Oxford Movement, describing events in which he had been intimately concerned. It is a large volume, of four hundred pages, but his own name isn't mentioned in it. Once in the preface, in two footnotes, and once on the last page you will find the pronoun 'I'—four times in

four hundred pages.

Let me put before you in outline the story of Richard Church's life. Those unhappy people who have to memorise biographies for the base purposes of examinations must wish that the lives of other famous men were arranged with the remarkable symmetry of Church's. In his nineteenth year he went to Oxford, and remained there for nineteen years. Then he moved to a country parish, and, after nineteen years in it, was appointed Dean of St. Paul's. He held the Deanery for yet another nineteen years, and then he died. Much of his boyhood was spent abroad. He came to Oxford in 1833, the year in which Keble preached the famous sermon which has been accounted the beginning of the Oxford Movement. In 1838 he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel College. One of his unsuccessful rivals for this honour, Mark Pattison, wrote, 'There was such a moral beauty about Church that they could not help taking him'. It is impossible in a brief space even to sketch the history of the Oxford Movement, and most of us heard very much about it at last year's centenary. But you will remember how great a part in the Movement the members of the Oriel common-room played—Keble, Froude, Newman, and Church himself. With Newman his friendship was very close, and was unbroken by differences of opinion. It was Church who, as one of the Proctors, prevented the formal condemnation by the University of Newman's Tract 90. And when in 1845 came the tremendous strain of Newman's secession to Rome—and he had many followers—it made simply the whole difference to the future of the Anglican body that such men as Pusey, Keble, Mozley and Church stood fast—men whose learning everyone admitted, whose characters everyone admired.

In 1853 Church left Oxford to become Rector of Whatley, in Somersetshire. What a huge change, from his Oxford life, with its crowded intellectual interests and controversies and friendships, to a remote Somersetshire village with a total population of two hundred! There had been no resident parson for years; both church and rectory were decaying; the agricultural labourers were deeply suspicious of strangers. His friends must have wondered how the shy, fastidious scholar could exist in such surroundings. The answer was that he got on amazingly well and was completely happy. Soon after his arrival he married, and so was no longer solitary. But he loved his work, his parish, his people, and soon they were devoted to him, 'He were such a gentleman and such a friend to we', observed one of them in later years. The only criticism came from a villager who protested, as one unfairly deprived of his accustomed recreation, that a man didn't dare beat his wife since the new rector came. When two drunken men had a serious fight it was this Oxford don who was sent for hastily to separate them. He visited indefatigably, taught in the schools, organised sports, got money from his friends to restore the church, preached in it most simple sermons phrased in

beautiful English. As I can only allow myself one quotation from his sermons, it shall come from the last one at Whatley. Some of you will be reminded by it of Newman's famous sermon of farewell at Littlemore. It shows Church when he has laid aside his usual reserve. It shows, too, what this tiny rural parish has come to mean to him after nineteen years. He is leaving it to become Dean of St. Paul's. He knows how conservative his villagers are and begs them to be fair to his successor. 'Do not let yourselves make comparisons between the old and the new, at least against the new. Probably you would be wrong. At any rate, there are more right ways than one, and a thing is not right merely because you are accustomed to it'. He begs their forgiveness for his shortcomings, he urges them to end any quarrels there may be among themselves. Then he says: 'And now the end is come. We shall go home to our firesides, never more to meet as we have met this afternoon, as we have met well nigh every Sunday afternoon for nearly nineteen years. And is not the time short? . . . "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening". And the evening, the last evening, is here. O kind and loving friends, O warm-hearted and attached neighbours, O loyal affectionate hearts, we must be together no more. You have been to me what no other people have ever been to me, what I cannot hope that any others ever will be. There is but one place where again we can be together, and that is not on this side of the grave. Here we part for good. ... Let us look on to that other meeting and being together. Let us wait, and help one another, and remember one another till that meeting comes; it will not be long coming'. So he goes. But, by his own special wish, it was to Whatley that his body was brought for

I must not leave you with any idea that Church was a recluse through those nineteen years in a country parish. Through them all he kept in touch with the ecclesiastical movements and controversies that were being carried on elsewhere, while he was also an industrious author and journalist. As far back as 1846, in his Oxford days, he had helped to found the Guardian newspaper—the first number of which, by the way, appeared on the same day as the first number of The Daily News under the editorship of Charles Dickens. Journalists can feel that Richard Church, saint and scholar as he was, belonged to their fellowship also, knew the strain of having to write a leader on an intricate subject against time, knew the relief that comes when the paper has been put to bed. He contributed also to *The Times* and *The Saturday Review*. His various books are written in admirably pellucid English, and are remarkable, both for their range of knowledge and their charity of judgment. It was Mr. Gladstone who insisted on dragging Church from his little country parish to the Deanery of St. Paul's. Only after long persuasion did the Prime Minister succeed. Even after committing himself to accept, Church wrote a sad letter to a friend, saying that he ought never to have consented. But Gladstone's choice was soon abundantly justified. If it was true, as Church realised, that a great work needed to be done at St. Paul's, it was also true that Church did it greatly. Do you remember Charles Kingsley's picture of St. Paul's as it was in his day? 'The afternoon service was proceeding. The organ droned sadly in its iron cage to a few musical amateurs. Some nursery-maids and foreign sailors stared about within the spiked felons'-dock which shut off the stared about within the spiked felons'-dock which shut off the body of the Cathedral, and tried in vain to hear what was going on inside the choir. The scanty service rattled in the vast building, like a kernel too small for its shell'. The task of bringing new life to St. Paul's had already been begun when Church arrived, and he found invaluable helpers in Canon Gregory, with his energy and financial abilities, and Dr. Liddon, whose preaching drew great congregations. Afterwards he had among his colleagues on the Chapter Newbolt and Scott Holland. Yet when we think of what St. Paul's, 'the parish church of the

Empire' as it has been termed, is today, and compare that with its tragic condition a century ago, we must recognise that to no one man is a larger share of the credit due than to Richard William Church. Throughout his years in London, too, he exercised a quiet but most powerful force upon ecclesiastical affairs. No one could help revering him. Quiet and modest as he was no man transfer to the country and the property of the country and the property of the country and the he was, no man was more courageous and outspoken when, in his view, some great principle or some essential doctrine seemed at stake. And, as long before at Oxford, his charity, his sane judgment, his power of putting aside all but the highest standards, proved a powerful influence for peace, and a salutary check upon hot-headed extremists. Apart from other methods, too, such as his sermons and published writings, he

did immense service by his private letters. Many of them were packed with wise counsel and deep spiritual thought. Fortunately, a large number were preserved for us by his daughter, who included them in her admirable biography of her father. Dean Church, that true saint of God, died in 1890, and the biography of him was published five years later.

The great man with whom I have been dealing here, one who measured his words with care, affirmed that, with all its faults, the Anglican Body is the most already Glynch in Christian.

the Anglican Body is 'the most glorious Church in Christendom'. The more we study its history, the more, I am certain, we shall feel this tribute to be true. An increased knowledge of its past will enable us to face its future with wider charity, strong faith, unconquerable hope.

Out of Doors

# March in the Garden

By C. H. MIDDLETON

EBRUARY may be the shortest month of the year, but to me it always seems the longest. Anyhow, it's gone now, and ood riddance to it. The almond blossom and the crocuses are out, and I shall soon be able to leave off my winter overcoat and get really busy. This month is a good time to tidy up the plants in the rock garden, and also to plant a few new ones. By new ones, I mean something that you haven't tried before. This year I'm having a shot at some of the late flowering gentians, sino-ornata, septemida and farreri. I have tried fareri before, but it fizzled out, so I am making a special pocket of soil for it, largely leaf mould and sand, with plenty of drainage underneath. It is a fascinating flower, with its big trumpets of clear Cambridge blue. Sino-ornata is a much deeper blue, and is more accommodating. A well-drained sandy soil free from lime seems to suit it admirably. I saw a lovely border of it last autumn flowering in company with the pink Belladonna lily—a combination I commend to those of you who like bright colours. The strong point about these gentians is that they flower in the late summer, when colour in the ordinary rockery is scarce. My own little rockery is in a rather conspicuous place, and I like to keep it bright and colourful all through the summer if possible—not an easy matter if you are of an orthodox turn of mind, and insist on sticking to Alpine plants alone. But I don't! I fill up the bare and untidy spaces with dwarf growing annuals. Last summer, sometime in August, a friend of mine who is an Alpine enthusiast called to see me, and, looking through the window he was immediately struck by the bright colours in the rockery. 'What a lovely spot of blue that is', he remarked, 'what is it?' and off he went to get a closer look. When he got there he nearly gasped with disgust. 'Lobelia!' Yes', I said, 'six pennyworth of plants I bought from the greengrocer, and that dainty silvery little carpet, flowing out between the stones, represents a penny packet of sweet alyssum'. But he was no l

quite hardy and can be sown where they are to flower.

Here is a word of advice intended especially for the menfolk. If your garden is big enough and lends itself to such ideas, set aside a corner somewhere for growing flowers for cutting. Generally speaking, men don't seem to like cutting the flowers; even professional gardeners get very nasty about it sometimes. I have known gardens where the lady of the house wouldn't dare to cut a bunch of her own flowers without the gardener's permission. Not long ago I was being shown round the gardens

of a famous nobleman, and presently we came to a kind of annexe outside the kitchen garden wall, which was simply a mass of flowers; dahlias, carnations, sweet peas, roses, cornflowers and all sorts of annuals and perennials mixed up together. The gardener explained that this was 'her ladyship's garden'. 'You see', he said, 'we've got three ladies in the house and they all like cutting flowers. Well, I can't have 'em interfering with the beds and borders, so I grow these specially for cutting, then they can help themselves whenever they like'.

Towards the end of this month is a good time to plant

cutting, then they can help themselves whenever they like'.

Towards the end of this month is a good time to plant gladioli; they make a fine show in the late summer. Like all the florists' flowers, their numbers have increased enormously of late years, and there are now hundreds of varieties to choose from. The large-flowered types are very beautiful, but they are rather inclined to look top-heavy, and unless you stake them carefully some of them are almost sure to topple over. The primulinus hybrids are much lighter and more graceful and are very nice for cutting. Personally I think the gladioli look best in the mixed flower border, planted here and there among the other plants, in groups of about half a dozen. With their spikes surrounded by other plants they don't look so stiff and heavy as they do when they stand alone, and the foliage of other plants helps to hold them up, so that you don't need a forest of stakes to spoil the look of them.

Another good feature of any flower border is a group of lilies

Another good feature of any flower border is a group of lilies here and there. Try a bulb or two of the magnificent *Lilium auratum*, and a few groups of the golden-throated *Lilium regale*, both of which are worth growing for their wonderful scent alone. Lily bulbs like a well-drained soil, and it is a good plan, when you plant them, to put a handful of gravel or sand under each bulb. Plant them about five inches deep and make the soil nicely firm, but not hard. Get big bulbs if you can; they may cost a little more, but they give much better results.

Get all your climbers tied up securely, and have a look round the rustic work, and the stakes of trees and standard roses, before the March winds begin to blow. It's very annoying to have to rescue a part of your rose arbour or pergola from the next-door garden, especially if you are not on very good terms with the neighbours.

This is going to be a busy month in the kitchen garden. Practically all the early vegetables can be sown now. Short horn carrots, turnips, spinach, onions and lettuces should all be in before the month is out. Also another sowing of early peas, and towards the middle of the month, if the weather is favourable, plant a couple of rows of early potatoes; such as Duke of York, or Sharpes Express, but leave the main crops till next month.

There are two rather uncommon vegetables I should like you to try this year; the first is seakale. Forced seakale, which is cooked something after the manner of asparagus, has a delicate, subtle flavour. It is also quite good eaten raw as a salad. You can get the roots or crowns from any good seedsman, and all you do now is to plant them out a foot apart in rows and let them grow on ready for forcing in the winter and early spring. The other vegetable I had in mind is the Chinese artichoke. This produces large numbers of pretty little curly white roots which have a very pleasant flavour. Most good seedsmen supply the little tubers by the pound, ready for planting, and all you do is to plant them out in rows like potatoes, and dig them up at the end of the season.

Look out for weeds this month. Whenever you find yourselves hard up for a job, fetch out the hoe and scratch over the surface soil, weeds or no weeds, not only among the vegetables, but in the flower borders too, particularly among the growing bulbs. They will be all the better for having the surface soil kept

### Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

Craftsmanship in English Furniture

Belatedly, I am afraid, I have read Mr. R. M. Y. Gleadowe's sixth contribution to THE LISTENER, on 'Craftsmanship and Design' in British Art. Among much which is valuable and suggestive he makes some most singular statements about movable furniture, particularly when he comes to the eighteenth century. It is extraordinary how those who have not specialised in the subject never fail to perpetrate capital blunders whenever they come to write on that theme. Mr. Gleadowe writes about half-a-dozen sentences on the furniture of the eighteenth century, and in that space there is scarcely one assertion (or inference) which can pass unchallenged. He assures his readers that 'about 1750 begins the reign of mahogany and Chippendale'. The one is a misstatement, the other a suggestio falsi. Mahogany, in spite of a considerable use of walnut, was the most fashionable material at least as early as 1725. Chippendale owes his fame to the publication of his book, The Gentleman and Cabinet-makers' Director-he was only one among many highly skilled makers, and throughout the whole of his active career seems never to have received a commission from the Crown: this at a time when it was acquiring the magnificent furniture, still in the Royal collections, by such makers as Bradburn and the firm of Vile and Cobb.

Mr. Gleadowe remarks that at first (about 1750) the furniture was both sensible and sensitive; 'but soon a fantastic rococo of Chinese, classical and Gothic styles, largely inspired by foreign examples, under Sheraton, Adams and Kent, makes our furniture a dainty and fanciful bric-à-brac, marvellously made but easily broken'. I pass over the question how 'a fantastic rococo' can be compounded out of these other styles, though I always supposed it in furniture to be recognised as a distinct style, with the Chinese and Gothic in the nature of tributaries. But really Sheraton, Adams (sic) and Kent are an astonishing team to drive together! William Kent, the most fashionable of Early Georgian architects and designers, died in 1748. His ponderous designs for furniture, an English version of the Venetian baroque style, is poles asunder from Adam's delicate and restrained classicism. As for Sheraton, he was, of course, a potent influence through his published designs, though it is doubtful if he ever possessed a workshop. I should have thought that the lasting properties of the best furniture in the Adam and Sheraton styles had been amply proved by the survival of great quantities in such fine preservation after a century and a half: still, Mr. Gleadowe finds it 'easily broken'. But by far his most sensational discovery is that Kent (notorious in his own age for his 'heavy hand') was responsible for 'dainty and fanciful bric-a-brac'. Has Mr. Gleadowe, I wonder, ever seen a piece of the ponderous furniture designed by Kent? Incidentally, I rather suspect that he thinks Kent made furniture.

Highgate

RALPH EDWARDS

#### Paul Klee

There is a strange and persistent phobia being revealed by two of your correspondents (Mrs. Turner and Mr. Poole)—namely, the adult scorn for the artistic productions of children. Correspondent A favours general suppression on the grounds of public nuisance, and putting the child's work into a drawer, for superior and indulgent inspection by the parent only. B went to study modern art and was chagrined when he discovered that what he had taken to be the masterpieces of Matisse, Picasso, Nash or Klee, were the works of local school children.

Why must excellent people go on airing their scorn for works which are produced at an age when the creative instinct is purest and almost universal, before the bourgeois doctrines of western civilisation have slammed the lid on 'all that artistic nonsense'? To anybody like myself who daily sees children occupied in these 'perpetrations', it is obvious that, given the right atmosphere, they are the result of remarkable concentration on formal values, combined very often with unerring instinct for line and colour. Surely it is very childish to pooh-pooh these revelations of the human mind when it is at its liveliest and most delightful stage of development. However, it is encouraging to learn that

B felt humiliated when the attendant at the gallery revealed the horrible truth about the origin of the works; perhaps he will soon be humble enough to approach a work by Klee, or for that matter any other work of art.

Bedford School

G. C. BARTON

Your correspondent, Mr. Porteus, evidently writes under great restraint, so perhaps it is not surprising that he has been able to preserve so few of the courtesies of controversy. Had he read and understood my letter he would have seen that I do not 'proceed to deny delicate sensibility of line to Mr. Klee'—I left that point open, and asked Mr. Read for further explanation of a statement which was not well illustrated in his article. But Mr. Porteus is not a person with whom I should feel satisfection in explanation the pleasures of malifes.

faction in exchanging the pleasures of malice.

Mr. Read is a far more instructive critic, but alas! on this one point he is still all sweetness and no light. The argument that an artist's line is expressive of his personality is, I think, sound and obvious, but does not get us very far. Line cannot be detached as a separate quality, regardless of the artist's intention and accomplishment. Perhaps Mr. Read will write on the subject again with more relevant illustrations. I am interested to see that there is to be a publication of Mr. Klee's drawings. I shall waste no time in looking over them when they appear shortly on the secondhand bookstalls.

Guildford

R. W. ALSTON

[This correspondence is now closed—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

#### Whither Britain?

One must feel grateful to the Hon. Quintin Hogg for his provocative talk on 'Whither Britain?' I appreciate his lack of time to go very far into one phase of such an exhaustive subject, but I should have liked to have heard more of his financial economics. He seems to dismiss the matter in these words:

There is no vast reservoir of money upon which you can draw in the shape of direct taxation. . . . There must be profits out of industry or finance or trade which you can tax. There is no equally vast reservoir of potential credit which you can simply tap by raising loans as others seem to suppose, unless there are past profits to invest, and future profits to pay the loan back with interest.

I have italicised what appears to me to be the weak pillar in his financial economies. May I suggest that it is just this snow-ball principle of recurring profit, loan, investment, profit, which is responsible for the 'agony of boom and slump' he condemns? Are not booms due to this expansion of credit, and re-investment of profits; and are not slumps due to the inevitable crash which comes when commerce, industry, trade can no longer bear the inflated burden? Where has all the capital produced in the past three centuries gone? What happened to four-fifths of the French franc, one-third of the U.S. dollar, two-fifths of the pound sterling, the billions lost on Wall Street in 1929, fifty per cent. of the world's silver basis currency, the old German mark, wiped out war debts, and hosts of defaults?

man mark, wiped out war debts, and hosts of defaults?

With what should we pay the interest if all these slumps and defaults had not happened? It may be granted that the inflated billions of Wall Street did not actually exist, but bank loans on the scrip nevertheless paid the usual interest. Would it not appear that financiers, or their systems, go on creating new capital, largely mythical, out of current profits, and debiting future business—trade or industry—with a burden of interest largely according to expectations (one might say, speculations) without relation to the future world's purchasing power or ability to absorb? Owing to this multiplication of capital-credit, very little of which has any relation to gold or other basis, there is a multiplication of interest charges, which bears not the slightest physical or monetary relation to the gross value of business. Consequently, when world trade, industry, commerce cease to provide sufficient profit to enable the required amount of interest to be peeled off, there is panic and a slump. Any financial remedy must lie in the direction of a new value of money—a re-apportionment of the earning power of capital in relation to the true, not the anticipated, demand. One does not need to go to Marx for ideas; for capitalists, themselves, have

been far more profligate with their own wealth than they have with the proletariat's labour. What else could be expected from an arithmetic which regarded five or six per cent. interest as possible from a world wealth which increased by only two or three per cent.?
Tonbridge

O. D. RASMUSSEN

'The King's Tryall'

I hope you will allow me to reply to the letter of Mr. F. H. Hayward, since his zeal for Cromwell and his creatures has led him into serious inaccuracy. It may be, as he says, that Hugh Peters was not debauched though we only have his own word for it, but he was clearly one of the crazy fanatics whom the crafty 'Protector' found to be useful tools. It is well authenticated that Colonel Hewson spat in the King's face and that he was promoted by Cromwell therefore. The Downes episode is based on Cromwell's own statement, so it is surprising that Mr. Hayward will not accept it. His wild statement that the King was 'an advocate of torture' is so silly that it needs no refutation, and when he goes on to say that Charles had 'driven one of the most patient and law-abiding peoples in the world into civil war' it is necessary to point out that the Rebellion was entirely one of the rich bourgeois class—landowners, capitalists, and slave-holders—and that there was little enthusiasm for the parliamentary cause among the people, for whom the King, in spite of upper-class opposition, had made 'so much provision of work for the able-bodied and so complete a system of looking after the more needy classes'.

Codford STUART. H. HOUSTON

### The Tolpuddle Martyrs

There are several historical inaccuracies in the review by I. M. Parsons of the book The Tolpuddle Martyrs in THE LISTENER of February 28, (1) The men were not transported for trying to get the wages of agricultural labourers raised. They were charged with administering an illegal oath. (2) They were not tried under a law which 'had only just been passed'. The law under which they were tried was passed in 1797. (3) The trial did not give an impetus to the trade-union movement.

I would recommend the reviewer to read Sidney and Beatrice Webb's History of Trades Unionism. His ignorance is unpardonable. He cannot have read the book he is supposed to have

reviewed.

Stockport

CHARLES SMITH

### The Fir Bolg

I am surprised that even such famous scholars as M. Henri Hubert and Professor Eoin MacNeill should attempt to speak with authority on the Fir Bolg. This legendary people is apparently only known from its contact with another legendary race, the dé Danan. I do not think it is mentioned in Greek history. The word 'bolg' means either a bag or a paunch. It may appear in the name of this race because they were migratory and carried their baggage with them, or it is perhaps nothing more than an unflattering allusion to the dimensions of their bellies.

CHARLES D. REGAN Dartford

I think a more plausible explanation of Fir Bolg is that bolg means quiver. The word quiver occurs six times in the Old Testament and each time Bedell in his Irish Bible translates it bolgán—a diminutive of bolg. The Fir Bolg were the first invaders of Ireland who were armed with arrows, which they carried in their builg.

London, E.II

SÉAMUY Ó MADÁIN

#### Industrial Britain

Professor John Hilton is, I think, wrong in his disbelief that 'never again will it be possible for us to employ the whole of our people, unless . . . 'The present tendency of machine production is towards the limit where all work would be done by machine and none by man. This limit, where, under the present economic system, no one would have any wages and industry would stop, could never be reached, but it is already approached near enough to make employment for all impossible, unless for very short hours. But Professor Hilton realises that the machine puts men out of work temporarily, at any rate, and concludes with a plea that we should regard 'those temporarily displaced by machinery and left unabsorbed as having suffered that the community may benefit, and as being entitled to a treatment from the community on a basis, not of relief of necessity, but of honourable compensation. My italics, because that seems to me

to be the most important problem to be solved today; how to let these unemployed continue to have a claim on the products of the machine that has put them out of work, without, as with the dole, reducing the other people's claim. Only by solving this can industry be revived and a decent standard of living made available for everyone.

Cambridge

TOHN DRUMMOND

### Church Union

With reference to the lecture of Mr. Hutchinson on the relations of churches to one another, I would argue that it is very necessary to draw distinctions, based, in the case of unions, on the different circumstances of the uniting churches. Many benefits have arisen from unions between churches with affinities in matters of church order, church tradition and sentiment. There have been many such unions. The recent Methodist Union has been one of them. But denominational unity may be more difficult to achieve when church bodies are marked more by divergence in order and tradition than by affinity. The recent Church Union in Canada has not been a harmonious incorporation. Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian bodies were facing each other; but in the end the Presbyterian Church was split in two. The failure points to the risks involved.

In regard to the relations of the churches to the state, Mr. Hutchinson was vigorous in his praise of the Church situation in Scotland, and of the Church of Scotland Bills of 1921 and 1925. I may not have heard him aright, but he seemed to be unaware of the existence of any dissenting minority after the Union in Scotland in 1929. I can assure him that a dissentient United Free Church exists. I suggest that we distinguish again and regard the state also as another factor, a tertium quid, in the relations of the churches to each other. The experiences of the Mission Field, Mr. Hutchinson argued, have shown the harm of separation in the churches and the need of unity. I suggest that, in the results of our Colonial experiences, in the impacts there of state and church, we find already settled the civil question.

Ollaberry, Shetland

S. K. FINLAYSON

#### 'Sense and Poetry'

It has not apparently occurred to Miss Barne that she and Mr. Sparrow and the Times Literary Supplement are by no means the first to decry the writings of such authors as James Joyce and T. S. Eliot, nor is there anything particularly 'courageous' in having done so. In fact, anyone who attacks the work of an original artist is sure of the complacent applause of a world whose faculties are deadened by the cheap misery and expensive horror of the times. In the words of Young, 'Dwarf-understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster, when they see a man. And indeed it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish

Your Reviewer-

#### British Rule in Kenya

I am sorry you published Miss Stamp's letter, with its bitter allusion to our record in Kenya. Miss Stamp is probably under the impression that we have dispossessed the natives of their lands there: but the Morris Carter Government Commission is on the point of reporting, after a long protracted enquiry, on that question, which might well be considered for the present as sub judice. Having seen some of the evidence, I venture to predict that the Report will prove a pleasant disappointment to Miss Stamp and many others who have been misled into her way of thinking. Miss Stamp's experience of the colony is no doubt more extensive than my own, which lasted only 16 years: but I must say I know of nothing in our record there which is inconsistent with that 'splendid tradition for fair play and liberty' to which Mr. Wells refers, and very much of which we have every reason to be proud. J. A. WATSON Lymington

The Supernormal Mind The subconscious mind now being studied by Professor Seligman has been known to, and exploited by, highly civilised races in India from time immemorial. The seer or mystic is the whole man, with sleepless powers and ever-growing faculties. This was recognised by the Early Church and cultivated in the

Arcane Discipline. To receive Communion in those days was an experience of discarnate life. After strict preparation, purifications of body and mind, the neophyte was laid under a pall in the choir beneath the ever-burning lamp. During the ecstasy he realised his true self, as an entity free from the body that dies; independent of the sense-life; radiant and immortal. In Ancient Greece this experience was called the Temple-sleep or incubation-rite. It was carefully induced in a purified and protected place and then only to an aspirant of stainless character and perfect health. Age was no obstacle, but there must be health.

Healing powers were attributed to this supernormal experience and oracular advice concerning the future. These faculties are known in India today and are not the figments of savage superstitions. The powers of conquest over pain, fire-walking, also levitation and walking on the water are still known to the wise men in the East and to their pupils, as they were in the first

days of the Christian Era. Hurstpierpoint

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE

#### Ritual and Medicine

Professor C. G. Seligman in his talk on 'Ritual and Medicine' published in the issue of THE LISTENER of February 14, says that 'dancing or any violent exercise leads to the outpouring from the adrenal gland of an increased amount of its secretion which is so well known to constrict the arteries and thus diminish bleeding that it is used for this purpose in medicine'.

The physiological action of adrenaline on the blood vessels is, however, restricted to those which derive a vaso-motor nerve supply from the sympathetic nervous system. Thus, whilst it produces constriction of the arterioles of the skin, the splanchnic area, and the abdominal viscera there is evidence that its effect on the blood vessels of the skeletal muscles is one of dilatation rather than contraction. There is no doubt that, during exercise, there occurs a dilatation—not a constriction—of the arteries which supply the muscles.

Margate

T. Francis Jarman

### Psychic Phenomena

Your reviewer is an expert in the art of suggestio falsi. Mr. Thorogood's admirable report, The 'Walter' Hands, was 'belated' simply because immense pains were taken to obtain, under perfect 'test' conditions, not only 'Walter's' thumb prints, but also, finally, complete replicas of both hands. Moreover, these were 'positives-appearing as the original hands would appear, palms up. . . . No way of producing them normally suggests itself'. As for Mr. Cummins' identification of the right thumbprint of 'Walter' with that of a living dentist, let me refer your reviewer to fig. 102 of the report, giving micro-photographs of the two impressions. The difference is perfectly obvious. Again, the thumb-prints of a Mr. C. S. Hill, ante- and post-mortem, with a five years' interval, are shown in the Proceedings of the A.S.P.R., and are quite clearly identical. There are also those nineteen Sir Oliver Lodge prints, certified by Mr. Bell, the Scotland Yard expert.

As to the voice in the sound-proof box, your reviewer shouts in italics that no record of this miracle has been published. But Mr. Thorogood does publish a very clear account of what was done, of the precautions taken, and of the results obtained. It is worth mentioning that a gramophone record of 'Walter's' voice was actually broadcast from Boston, WBZ on January 13, and that the Boston Herald of January 14, contains a most clear and interesting account of how that record was made.

Winchester C. W. Scott-Moncriefe

Winchester

#### Japanese Trade Competition

Both Mr. W. F. Sadler and Mr. G. E. Assinder, in your issues of January 24 and February 7 respectively, must realise that their corrections give added force to my suggestions; that the 'standard of living' comparison will not account for the abnormally low Japanese selling price in Europe and that we must study monetary matters in a scientific manner if we wish to get down to realities on this and many other questions.

My suggestion was that the Japanese exporters were being given free credits of new money created for the purpose. It is true that without control of prices some of the benefit might be lost by the inflationary effect. Such statements and questions as 'that a 50 per cent. subsidy is unthinkable' and 'who would pay it?' are based on the fallacious idea that there is a limited amount of money supplied from some external source not to be controlled by states and individuals. 'Money' is comparable to 'language' and one does not ask where the language comes from to write a letter. We are indebted to Mr. Reginald McKenna for the real explanation for the improvement in industry we have recently enjoyed; the Bank of England bought £30,000,000-worth of securities and the customs of banking made it possible to issue £300,000,000 of new money which came from nowhere.

The Japanese possibilities can be indicated by the following illustration. It is known that our productive capacity could be increased at least four times; now this means that we could, if we wished, be twice as well-off in real wealth and yet give away to the foreigner twice our present production; if we adjusted and worked our monetary-economic system with that end in view. This would be an extreme form of the 'favourable trade balance'. Credits would have to be given or lent directly or indirectly to the foreigner: as there is no acceptable way in which the debtor can be allowed to pay, these credits can be said to be 'unrepayable'. We are owed about £3,000,000 today; is there any way of allowing this debt to be repaid? There are no limitations to 'money' outside of production and there are many ways of issuing new money; the accumulation of debt, buying gold as President Roosevelt is doing, and the suggested Japanese method of giving it to their exporters (and indirectly to the foreigner)—which method at least avoids the 'danger' of the debtor trying to repay the loan. It is a significant fact that Japan has absorbed more of the works of Major Douglas than the rest of the world; it is unfortunate that they have applied the acquired knowledge to the inconvenience of other nations.

Birmingham

P. R. MASSON

### Films Worth Seeing

In his talk on February 28, Mr. Oliver Baldwin recommended the following films, the first five of which are due for general

THE MAD GAME (American)—'is a story based on the many cases of kidnapping that have recently occurred in the United States. Spencer Tracy plays the lead as the head of a bootlegging gang. A little difference with the authorities on account of a false income tax return lands him in jail at the same time as prohibition is repealed. The second in command of his gang, played by J. Caroll Naish, takes over the control and decides to go in for kidnapping. There is a most excellent piece of work by Claire Trevor, who plays the part of a woman crime reporter'. I Cover the Waterfront (American)—'is a bad title, but it only refers to a newspaper reporter's job of covering all the events that take place on a small Pacific port. Ben Lyon plays the reporter, and the story deals with the unearthing of a gang of smugglers, headed by Ernest Torrence. Claudette Colbert plays the smuggler's daughter and gives a really fine performance. It is not a really strong story, but thanks to competent direction it makes good entertainment.

THE GIRL FROM MAXIMS (British)—'is the well-known French story of the naughty 'nineties in Paris, and the costume, the music and the setting are very truly reproduced. Leslie Henson, Francis Day, George Grossmith and Lady Tree are the stars, and Alexandra Korda the director. This is really an extremely bright entertainment, very much out of the ordinary

BOWERY (American), also dealing with the 'nineties—'in which Wallace Beery reigns as king of that working-class area of New York. Jackie Cooper gives a grand performance as the adopted child of Wallace Beery. He is devoted to this father, and the trials he undergoes to keep him away from the wiles of woman-kind are delightfully portrayed. There is plenty of drama, and a certain amount of pathos in this picture which gives one the

a certain amount of pathos in this picture which gives one the impression of its being very true to life'.

AUNT SALLY (British)—'The director is Tim Whelan, and the camera work is by C. Van Enger: both of these men deserve the highest praise. The star is Cicely Courtneidge, and the plot is both amusing and ingenious. It deals with the attempt of two Chicago gangsters to introduce their particular methods into London. Hartley Power and Ben Weldon make a capital gangster pair, and Sam Hardy as a Cabaret owner is just the right type: for Cicely Courtneidge no praise can be too high'.

LA RUE SANS NOM (French), now showing at the Rialto, Leicester Square—'is a picture which all lovers of strong drama, magnificent acting and a true-to-life story should see. It deals with the lives of two or three families in a squalid part of a French town. The main theme is the reunion after many years of two old thieves, and the conflicting emotions and sentiments of the chief character are admirably played by Constant Remy. Gabriel Gabrio plays the second lead, and the young actor, Paul Azais, gives one of the finest performances as a strong juvenile I have ever seen'.

Short Story

# Her Table Spread

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

LBAN had few opinions on the subject of marriage; his attitude to women was negative. In particular, he was not attracted by Miss Cuffe. Coming down early for dinner, her red satin dress cut low, she attacked the silence with loud laughter before he had spoken. He recollected having heard that she was abnormal: at twenty-four, of statuesque development, still detained in childhood. The two other ladies, in beaded satins, made entrances of a surprising formality. It occurred to him, his presence must constitute an occasion—they certainly sparkled. Old Mr. Rossiter, uncle to Mrs. Treye, came in last, more sourly. They sat for some time without the addition of lamplight. Dinner was not announced; the ladies by remaining on guard seem to deprecate any question of its appearance. No sound came from other parts of the

Miss Cuffe was an heiress to whom the Castle belonged and whose guests they all were. But she carefully followed the movements of her aunt, Mrs. Treye; her ox-eyes moved from face to face in glad submission rather than expectancy. She was continually preoccupied with attempts at gravity, as though holding down her skirts in a high wind. Mrs. Treye and Miss Carbin combined to cover her excitement; still, their looks frequently stole from the company to the windows, of which there were too many. He received a strong impression: someone outside was waiting to come in. . . . At last, with a sigh, they got up: dinner had been announced.

The Castle was built on high ground commanding the estuary; a steep hill with trees continued above it. On fine days the view was remarkable, of almost Italian brilliance, with that constant reflection up from the water that even now prolonged the too-long day. Now, in continuous rain, the winding wooded line of the further shore could be seen, and, nearer the windows, a smothered island, with the stump of a watch tower. Where the Castle now stood, a higher tower had answered the island's. Later, a keep, then wings, had been added; now the fine peaceful residence had French windows opening on to the terrace. Invasions from the water would henceforth be social, perhaps amorous. On the slope down from the terrace trees began again, almost but not quite concealing the destroyer. Alban, who knew nothing, had not yet looked down.

It was Mr. Rossiter who first spoke of the destroyer-Alban meanwhile glancing along the table: the preparations had been stupendous. The destroyer had come today. The ladies all turned to Alban; the beads on their bosoms sparkled. So this was what they had here, under these trees. Engulfed by their pleasure, from now on he disappeared personally. Mr. Rossiter, rising a note, continued. The estuary, it appeared, was deep, with a channel buoyed up it. By a term of this Treaty, English ships were permitted to anchor in these

'But they've been afraid of the rain!' chimed in Valeria Cuffe.

'Hush', said her aunt, 'that's silly. Sailors would be accustomed to getting wet'.

But, Miss Carbin reported, that spring there had already been one destroyer. Two of the officers had been seen dancing at the hotel at the head of the estuary.

'So', said Alban, 'you are quite in the world'. He adjusted his glasses in her direction.

Miss Carbin, blonde, not forty and an attachment of Mrs. Treye's, shook her head despondently. 'We were all away at Wasn't it curious they should have come then. The sailors walked in these grounds but never touched the daffo-

'As though I should have cared!' exclaimed Valeria, pas-

'Morale too good', stated Mr. Rossiter.

'But next evening', continued Miss Carbin, 'the officers did not go to the hotel. They climbed up here to the terrace—you see they had no idea—friends of ours were staying here at the castle, and they apologised. Our friends invited them in to supper'.

Did they accept?'

The three ladies said in a breath: 'Yes, they came'. Valeria

added urgently, 'So don't you think—?'.

'So tonight we have a destroyer to greet you', Mrs. Treye said quickly to Alban. 'It is quite an event; the country people are coming down from the mountains. These waters are very lonely, the steamers have given up since the bad times, there is hardly a pleasure boat. The weather this year has driven visitors right away

'You are beautifully remote'.

'Yes', agreed Miss Carbin. 'Do you know much about the Navy? Do you think, for instance, that this is likely to be the same destroyer?'

Will they remember?' Valeria's bust was almost on the table. But with a rustle Mrs. Treye pressed Valeria's toe, For the dining-room faced also across the estuary, and the great girl had not taken her eyes from the window. Perhaps it was unfortunate that Mr. Alban had coincided with the destroyer. Perhaps it was unfortunate for Mr. Alban.

For he saw now he was less than half the feast; unappeased, the party sat looking through him, all grouped at an end of the table; to the other, chairs had been pulled up. Dinner was being served very slowly, Candles—possible to see from the water-were lit now; some wet peonies glistened. Outside, day still lingered hopefully. The bushes on the edge of the terrace were like heads—you could have sworn sometimes you saw them mounting, swaying in manly talk. Once, wound up in the rain a bird whistled, seeming hardly a bird.

'Perhaps since then they have been to Greece or Malta'.

'That would be the Mediterranean fleet', said Mr. Rossiter. They were sorry to think of anything out in the rain tonight. 'The decks must be streaming', said Miss Carbin. Then Valeria, exclaiming, 'Please excuse me!' pushed her chair in and ran from the room. 'She is impulsive', explained Mrs. Treye. 'Have you been to Malta, Mr. Alban?'

In the drawing-room, empty of Valeria, the standard lamps had been lit. Through their ballet-skirt shades, rose and lemon, they gave out a deep, welcoming light. Alban, at the ladies' invitation, undraped the piano. He played, but they could see he was not pleased. It was obvious he had always been a civilian, and when he had taken his place on the pianostool—which he twirled round three times, rather fussily—his dinner jacket wrinkled across the shoulders. It was sad they should feel so indifferent, for he came from London. Mendelssohn was exasperating to them-they opened all four windows to let the music downhill. They preferred not to draw the curtains, the air, though damp, being pleasant tonight.

The piano was damp, but Alban played almost all his heart out. He played out the indignation of years his mild manner concealed. He had failed to love; nobody did anything about this; partners at dinner gave him half their attention. He knew some spring had dried up at the root of the world. He was fixed in the dark rain, by an indifferent shore. . . . He played badly, but they were unmusical. Old Mr. Rossiter, not what he seemed, went back to the dining-room to talk to the parlour-

Valeria, glittering vastly, filled a window.

'Come in', her aunt cried in indignation. She would die of a chill, childless, in fact unwedded; the Castle would have to be sold, and where would they all be?

But-'Lights down there!' she shouted above the music.

They had to run out for a moment, laughing and holding cushions over their bare shoulders. Alban left the piano; they looked boldly down from the terrace. Indeed there were two lights like arc-lamps blurred by rain and drawn down deep in the steady water. There were, too, ever so many portholes.

'Perhaps they are playing bridge', said Miss Carbin.

'Now I wonder if Uncle Robert should have called', said Mrs. Treye. 'Perhaps we have seemed remiss—one calls on a regiment'.

'Patrick could row him out tomorrow'.

'He hates the water', she sighed. 'Perhaps they will be gone'.

'Let's go for a row now; let's go for a row with a lantern', besought Valeria, jumping and pulling her aunt's elbow. They produced such indignation she disappeared again—wet satin skirts and all into the bushes. The ladies could do no more. Alban suggested the rain might spot their dresses.

'They must lose a great deal, playing throughout an evening for high stakes', Miss Carbin said with concern as they all sat

down again.

'Yet if you come to think of it, somebody must win'.

But the naval efficers who so joyfully supped at Easter had been, Miss Carbin knew, a Mr. Graves and a Mr. Garrett: they would certainly lose. 'At all events, it is better than dancing at the hotel; there would be nobody of their type'.

'There is nobody there at all'.

'I expect they are best when they are. . . . Mr. Alban, a Viennese waltz?'

He played while they whispered, waving the waltz time a little distractedly. Mr. Rossiter, coming back, momentarily stood; they turned in hope; even the waltz halted. But he brought no news. 'You should call Valeria in. You can't tell who may be round the place. She's not fit to be out tonight'.

'Perhaps she's not out'.

'She is', said Mr. Rossiter crossly. 'I just saw her racing past the window with a lantern'.

Valeria's mind was made up: she was a princess. Not for nothing had she had the dining-room silver polished and all set out. She would pace around in red satin that swished behind, while Mr. Alban kept on playing a loud waltz. They would be dazed at all she had to offer—also her two new statues and the leopard skin from the auction.

When they were married (she inclined a little to Mr. Garrett) they would invite all the Navy up the estuary and give them tea. Her estuary would be filled up, like a regatta, with loud excited battleships tooting to one another and flags flying. The terrace would be covered with grateful sailors, leaving room for the band. She would keep the peacocks her aunt did not allow. His friends would be surprised to notice that Mr. Garrett had meanwhile become an admiral, all gold. He would lead the other admirals into the Castle and say, while they wiped their feet respectfully: 'These are my wife's statues; she has given them to me. One is Mars, one is Mercury. We have a Venus, but she is not dressed. And wait till I show you our silver and gold plate. . . . ' The Navy would be unable to tear itself away.

She had been excited for some weeks at the idea of marrying Mr. Alban, but now the lovely appearance of the destroyer put him out of her mind. He would not have done; he was not handsome. But she would keep him to play the piano on quiet afternoons.

Her friends had told her Mr. Garrett was quite a Viking. She was so familiar with his appearance she felt sometimes they had been married for years—though still, sometimes, he could not realise his good luck. She still had to remind him the island was hers, too. . . . Tonight, Aunt and darling Miss Carbin had so fallen in with her plans, putting on their satins and decorating the drawing-room, that the dinner became a betrothal feast. There was some little hitch about the arrival of Mr. Garrett—she had heard that gentlemen sometimes could not tie their ties. And now he was late and would be discouraged. So she must now go half-way down to the water and wave a lantern.

But she put her two hands over the lantern, then smothered

it in her dress. She had a panic. Supposing she should prefer

She had heard Mr. Graves was stocky but very merry: when he came to supper at Easter he slid in the gallery. He would teach her to dance and take her to Naples and Paris. . . . Oh dear, oh dear, then they must fight for her; that was all there was to it. . . . She let the lantern out of her skirts and waved. Her fine arm with bangles went up and down, up and down, with the staggering light; the trees one by one jumped up from the dark, like savages.

Inconceivably, the destroyer took no notice.

Undisturbed by oars, the rain stood up from the water; not a light rose to peer, and the gramophone, though it remained very faint, did not cease or alter.

In mackintoshes, Mr. Rossiter and Alban meanwhile made their way to the boathouse, Alban did not know why. 'If that goes on', said Mr. Rossiter, nodding towards Valeria's lantern, 'they'll fire one of their guns at us'.

'Oh no; why?' said Alban. He buttoned up, however, the

collar of his mackintosh.

'Nervous as cats. It's high time that girl was married. She's a nice girl in many ways, too'.

'Couldn't we get the lantern away from her?' They stopped on a paved causeway and heard the water against the rocks.

'She'd scream the place down. She's of age now, you see'. 'But if——'

'Oh, they won't do that; I was having a bit of fun with you'. Chuckling equably, Mrs. Treye's uncle unlocked and pulled open the boathouse door. A bat whistled out. 'Why are we here?'

'She might come for the boat; she's a fine oar', said Mr. Rossiter wisely. The place was familiar to him; he lit an oillamp and, sitting down on a trestle with a staunch air of having done what he could, reached a bottle of whiskey out of the boat. He motioned the bottle to Alban. 'A wild night', he said. 'Ah well, we don't have these destroyers often'.

'That seems fortunate'.

'Well, it is and it isn't'. Restoring the bottle to the vertical, Mr. Rossiter continued: 'It's a pity you don't want a wife. You'd be the better for a wife, d'you see, a young, young fellow like you. She's got a nice character, she's a girl you could shape. She's got a nice income'. The bat returned from the rain and knocked round the lamp. Lowering the bottle frequently, Mr. Rossiter talked to Alban (whose attitude remained negative) of women in general and the parlourmaid in particular.

'—Bat!'—Alban squealed irrepressibly and with his hand to his ear—where he still felt it—fled from the boathouse. Mr. Rossiter's conversation continued. Alban's pumps squelched as he ran, he skidded along the causeway and baulked at the upward steps. His soul squelched equally: he had been warned, he had been warned. He had heard they were all mad, he had erred out of headiness and curiosity. A degree of terror was agreeable to his vanity: by express wish he had occupied haunted rooms. Now he had no other pumps in this country, no idea where to buy them and a ducal visit ahead. Also, wandering as it were among the apples and amphoras of an art school, he had blundered into the life room: Woman revolved gravely.

'Hell', he said to the steps, mounting, his mind blank to the

He was nerved for the jumping lantern, but half way up to the Castle darkness was once more absolute. Her lantern had gone out, he could orientate himself—in spite of himself by her sobbing: absolute desperation. He pulled up so short that, for balance, he must cling to a creaking tree.

'Hi!' she croaked. Then: 'You are there, I hear you."

'Miss Cuffe-

'How too bad you are! I never heard you rowing. I thought you were never coming——'

'Quietly---'

Come up quickly. Haven't even seen you. Come up to the windows—

'Miss Cuffe---'

'Don't you remember the way?' As sure but not as noiseless

as a cat in the dark Valeria hurried to him-'Mr. Garrettshe panted. 'I'm Miss Cuffe. Where have you been? I've destroyed my beautiful red dress and they've eaten up your dinner. But we're still waiting. Don't be afraid, you'll soon be there now. I'm Miss Cuffe; this is my castle-

'Listen, it's I, Mr. Alban——'
'Ssh, ssh, Mr. Alban: Mr. Garrett has landed'.

Her cry, his voice, some breath of the joyful intelligence brought the others on to the terrace, blind with lamplight. 'Valeria!'

'Mr. Garrett has landed!'

Mrs. Treye said to Miss Carbin under her breath: 'Mr. Garrett has come, Miss Carbin'. Miss Carbin, half weeping with agitation, replied 'We must go in'. But uncertain who was to speak next, or how to speak, they remained leaning over the darkness. Behind, through the windows, lamps spread great skirts of light and Mars and Mercury, unable to contain themselves, stooped from their pedestals. The dumb keyboard shone like a ballroom floor.

Alban, looking up, saw their arms and shoulders under the bright rain. Close by, Valeria's fingers creaked on her warm wet satin. She laughed like a princess, magnificently justified. Their unseen faces were all three lovely, and, in the silence after the laughter such a strong tenderness came to him that, standing there in full manhood, he was for a moment not exiled. For the moment without moving or speaking he stood, in the dark, in a flame, as though all three said 'My darling . . .

Perhaps it was best for them all that early, when next day just lightened the rain, the destroyer steamed out-below the extinguished Castle where Valeria lay with her arms wide, past the boat-house where Mr. Rossiter lay insensible and the bat hung masked in its wings—down the estuary into the open water.

### Summer Night

Out on the lawn I lie in bed Vega conspicuous overhead In the windless nights of June Forests of green have done complete The day's activity; my feet Point to the rising moon.

Lucky, this point in time and space Is chosen as my working place Where the sexy airs of summer, The bathing hours and the bare arms, The leisured drives through a land of farms, Are good to the newcomer.

Equal with colleagues in a ring I sit on each calm evening, Enchanted as the flowers The opening light draws out of hiding From leaves with all its dove-like pleading Its logic and its powers.

That later we, though parted then May still recall these evenings when Fear gave his watch no look; The lion griefs loped from the shade And on our knees their muzzles laid, And Death put down his book.

Moreover eyes, in which I learn That I am glad to look, return My glances every day, And when the birds and rising sun Waken me, I shall speak with one Who has not gone away.

Now North and South and East and West Those I love lie down to rest
The moon looks on them all;
The healers and the brilliant talkers, The eccentrics and the silent walkers,
The dumpy and the tall.

She climbs the European sky; Churches and power stations lie Alike among earth's fixtures:
Into the galleries she peers,
And blankly as an orphan stares
Upon the marvellous pictures.

To gravity attentive, she Can notice nothing here; though we Whom hunger cannot move From gardens where we feel secure Look up and with a sigh endure
The tyrannies of love:

And gentle do not care to know Where Poland draws her eastern bow What violence is done; Nor ask what doubtful act allows Our freedom in this English house, Our picnics in the sun.

The creepered wall stands up to hide The gathering multitudes outside Whose glances hunger worsens; Concealing from their wretchedness Our metaphysical distress, Our kindness to ten persons.

And now no path on which we move But shows already traces of Intentions not our own, Thoroughly able to achieve What our excitement could conceive But our hands left alone.

For what by nature and by training We loved, has little strength remaining: Though we would gladly give The Oxford colleges, Big Ben,
And all the birds in Wicken Fen,
It has no wish to live.

Soon through the dykes of our content The crumpling flood will force a rent And taller than a tree Hold sudden death before our eyes, Whose river-dreams long hid the size And vigours of the sea.

But when the waters make retreat And through the black mud first the wheat In shy green stalks appears; When stranded monsters gasping lie, And sounds of rivetting terrify Their whorled unsubtle ears:

May this for which we dread to lose Our privacy, need no excuse
But to that strength belong;
As through a child's rash happy cries
The drowned voices of his parents rise In unlamenting song.

After discharges of alarm All unpredicted may it calm The pulse of nervous nations; Forgive the murderer in his glass, Tough in its patience to surpass The tigress her swift motions

W. H. AUDEN

### The Listener's Book Chronicle

### Exploring the Upper Atmosphere. By Dorothy Fisk Faber. 6s.

It is some time since so engaging a book on popular science as Miss Fisk's has been published. She has found in the upper atmosphere a scientific subject which is still fresh, one which has drama and romance as well as intrinsic interest, and one which can be made deeply interesting to the general reader. She has collected and arranged her information carefully without in any way making it dull or professorial. The writing is clear and often entertaining. There are hardly any errors of fact and none of emphasis. If the book has a fault it is that it is too short; the sections on meteorites and on the cosmic radiation, for example, might have been the better for fuller treatment. The first chapter discusses ballooning in modern research, describing in particular the recent ascents into the stratosphere of Professor Piccard and of M. Prokofieff in sealed gondolas. There, it would appear, is a territory which will increasingly attract those who in earlier times sought the Poles or the peaks of the Himalayas as goals of endeavour or to get scientific results. Whether balloon or airplane is the better craft in which to make the journey is still unknown, but we may rest assured that whenever either is used in the investigation the stratosphere will become topical news. Miss Fisk next describes how sound-waves have been used as explorers of the upper air and how these waves, the very different ultra-violet waves, and the apparently unconnected meteorites, have guided physicists to postulate a very thin but important layer of ozone thirty miles or so from the surface of the earth. This leads to those other layers, the Heaviside layer and the Appleton layer, which reflect the high-frequency waves used in radio transmission; their nature and properties are then described. The following chapter is devoted to the projectiles which emerge from space and fall on the earth; they are the subject of a most interesting story. The author does not mention, however, one curious deduction from the properties of meteorites: the fact that they bear with them the evidence of their age, that this age is roughly that of our solar system, and, since astronomers are positive that meteorites come from outside the solar system, that the universe at large is no older than the solar system—a conclusion in which the astronomers firmly disbelieve. There is next a finely-written chapter on polar lights whose beauty has raised prose writers to lyrical heights and whose explanation in terms of the earth's magnetism and radiations from the sun is one of the satisfying theories of modern times. In the final chapter on the cosmic rays the author concentrates on Professor Millikan's view of their origin-a fine imaginative piece of scientific theorising, but, unfortunately, innately improbable, and now abandoned by almost everyone. The joke about the cosmic rays is that they are almost certainly not rays and very probably not cosmic. In the heights of the atmosphere they are probably particles—the recently discovered positive electrons; at sea-level, about half of the particles are still positive electrons, about half ordinary ones.

### The Jesuits and the Popish Plot. By M. V. Hay Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

This book, which is described on its jacket as the first intelligible study of Titus Oates and the Popish plot', is devoted to unravelling the internal quarrels of the English Roman Catholics during the reign of Charles II. It is fairly well known that one of the prime reasons for the failure of English Roman Catholicism to reassert itself successfully under the Stuarts was the jealousy that existed between the secular priests and the Jesuits, the former being led by men ready to come to terms with the Government and willing to make clear that their loyalty to the Crown need not be vitiated by their obedience to the Pope. At the time of the Restoration there was a party in the English Chapter which wished to secure legal toleration for Roman Catholics in England, in return for the expulsion of the Jesuits. This party, which represented a sort of English 'Gallicanism', was led by a Dr. John Sergeant, a Cambridge graduate who had been converted from Protestantism. The purpose of Mr. Hay's book, which is based on Roman Catholic records which he claims have been hitherto neglected by historians, is to show, firstly, that Sergeant made use of the opportunity of Titus Oates' revelations in 1678 to negotiate with Shaftesbury a bargain whereby he came to

England for four years and gave evidence against the Jesuits; and secondly, that Sergeant was probably the author of the 'Plot' itself, and inspired Oates and his fellow-informers. Mr. Hay seems to prove conclusively that Sergeant was on the pay list of Shaftesbury, and that his revelations were used to fan the flames of anti-Popery between 1678 and 1681. At the same time the polemical tone of his book, with its scornful criticism of all the principal great English historians, past and present, will hardly encourage readers who are not already prejudiced to accept his estimate of Sergeant's conduct. Granted Sergeant's belief that the activities of the Jesuits were the main obstacle to securing toleration for English Roman Catholics, the methods he used were not below the standards generally ruling at the time in political life. In his desire to make Sergeant the villain of the Popish Plot, Mr. Hay goes so far as to say that the Plot had no foundation in fact, and to try to gloss over the obviously treasonable activities of Edward Coleman, the secretary of the Duke of York. Patriotic Englishmen could hardly help being put into a state of alarm by the 'Great Designs' for 'the utter ruin of the Protestant party' which his correspondence revealed.

### Creevey's Life and Times. Edited by John Gore John Murray. 18s.

Diaries are often issued in truncated form. Sometimes their authors have been too prolix, sometimes too intimate, in their stories of their own and other people's weaknesses. We have had to put up with a bowdlerised Pepys, and an abbreviated Greville; of Creevey we have had a fragment only, with the result that he has been regarded as a toady. If diaries must be abridged their editors should say why. The principles of curtailment should be explicitly stated: readers will then know why they are being denied the full substance of the intimate records available in the diarist's manuscript. Creevey wrote so voluminously that Sir Herbert Maxwell's two large volumes, the only form in which we have known him hitherto, only comprised 'one-fortieth of the available material [Mr. John Gore tells us] and only a small part of the cream'. Eighty volumes of Creevey! He is bright and entertaining, we know, but even publication by subscription—a practice that might be revived-would have to fall short of that mammoth output. And the stuff would not be worth full reproduction. Historians are voracious folk, but there is a limit to even their appetite for gossip, for the personalia of politics, for tit-bits about 'Society', mainly Whig Society, in a rather mean age. Yet Mr. Gore's addition to Sir Herbert Maxwell's selection is definitely worth having. It is worth having because it shows Creevey in his true colours—a hanger-on of the great, but no toady—and because it gives vivid detail of persons and events in the pre-Victorian age, and so helps towards the understanding of a post-war epoch in some respects rather like our own, Among the men whose reputations gain as knowledge enlarged is Samuel Whitbread: these pages of Creevey's will help to strengthen his claim to the regard of those who rate highly public service in the interests of humble people. Another who trips across these pages is Henry Guy Bennet, who exposed in the House of Commons the malevolent and anti-social activities of Oliver the Spy. If there is more about Bennet in the well of the Creevey papers, it is a pity that Mr. Gore did not draw it up. There are interesting oddments, too, about 'Radical Jack' Durham, and the others of the Whig fraternity in whose circles Creevey revolved. Yet beyond liveliness these pages contain little that matters. Mr. John Gore, it may be added, is a first-class editor.

### Arable Holdings. By F. R. Higgins Cuala Press, Dublin. 10s. 6d.

The poems of Mr. Higgins are in the best tradition of the Irish Renaissance. They remind one of the work of Padraic Colum or some other lesser figure of the movement. The titles of such poems as 'Grace Before Beer', 'O You Among Women', 'To My Blackthorn Stick', 'The Three-Cornered Field', 'Meath Men', etc., are sufficient to make us expect a familiar twilight atmosphere and Irish scenery. When we read the poems we are neither disappointed nor surprised. It is typical of Mr. Higgins that the poems on the least ambitious subjects, such as that on 'The Blackthorn Stick', are often the best. Having

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thus qualified our praise, we are most certainly free to admire. For no poets have shown such integrity as the poets of the Irish movement; and Mr. Higgins shares that integrity, which is shown by his having a subject-matter in common with them, and yet a place and manner which are most decidedly his own. These lines suffice to show his quality:

So armed as one, have we not shared each journey On noiseless path or road of stone; O exiled brother of the flowering sloe tree,

Your past ways are my own.

Lonesome, like me, and song-bred on Mount Nephin,
You, also, found that in your might
You broke in bloom before the time of leafing
And shocked a world with light.

Everyone who admires a job well-done will find great pleasure in reading such poetry, and most of Mr. Higgins' verse is as good as this. The diction is fine, the line supple; the imagery effectively produces a world of sombre tones with few bright colours

Yet eventually, more in this poetry than in most Irish poetry, one becomes aware of an artificiality—not of the artistry, but of the experience from which it is derived. For example,

in one of his poems Mr. Higgins writes:

When pails empty the last brightness
Of the well, at twilight time,
And you are there among women—
O mouth of silence,
Will you come with me, when I sign,
To the far green wood, that fences
A lake inlaid with light?

Here we feel not only that the lady most certainly will not come, but that Mr. Higgins himself does not believe that she even exists: also we feel that he has not sufficiently created a world of the imagination which is a satisfactory substitute for her company. He has merely indicated a gesture which happens to be poetry, but which might (as we immediately perceive) equally be a dance or a painting, or in music. Perhaps like Mr. Yeats and Mr. Joyce, Mr. Higgins has grown tired of the twilight and will soon find himself obliged to write about a

### Linguistica: Selected Papers in English, French and German. By Otto Jespersen. Allen & Unwin. 18s.\*

In a stately and well-printed volume of four hundred and sixty pages, the septuagenarian Professor Otto Jespersen has gathered together a score of essays in English, French and German which he considers will give some picture of his own development and scientific endeavours. They are appropriately introduced by a translation of the Professor's farewell lecture at his university, and it needs but a perusal of this to win a deep regard for a scholar possessing so wide a range of interests and so unfailing a liberality of outlook. He is none of your dry-as-dust grammarians wallowing in abstruse details useless to any but savants. One notes the constant desire to bring philology into relation with the needs of modern thought and life, and particularly endearing are the concluding paragraphs of the aforesaid lecture, wherein he stresses the ethical ideals which have inspired his

The subjects of the essays are very varied. There are highly technical disquisitions on phonetic law and grammatical detail which will appeal only to the few. But then again there are many papers more general in interest, and, given a preliminary liking for linguistic studies, no reader will fail to find much well-adapted to his taste. A lively portrait is painted of the eccentric scholar who gave his name to the famous Verner's law. The essay on the study of Danish in Denmark is also rich in biographical interest. The few pages devoted to de Saussure hardly do justice to that brilliant linguistic theoretician, whose style of thought was too Gallic and too little matter-of-fact for his Scandinavian contemporary. Nor is the latter at his best in the article on the individual and the linguistic community. Here we seem to detect a certain incapacity for philosophic thought of the deeper kind. Certain it is, at all events, that the Professor's greatest strength has lain in the collection and ingenious use of linguistic data which many scholars would have overlooked. We may or may not believe in the theory that languages tend to keep in preference to others those words for 'but' which begin with the letter m, compare French mais and the reluctant assent heard in our 'M'yes'. But the idea is interesting, as is also the notion that the i-vowel heard in slim, piffling and so forth is particularly common in words meaning what is little, insignificant or weak. Among the papers which have specially interested the present reviewer is one entitled 'Monosyllabism in English',

where the English preference for short words is compared with that of the Chinese. Highly instructive also is the discussion of the veiled language manifesting itself in such expressions as 'on shanks's pony', 'in Queer Street'. But it is impossible to do justice here to a book covering so much ground, hence we will close this notice with an exhortation to purchase and derive both pleasure and profit.

### Ancient Italy and Modern Religion. By R. S. Conway Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

The late Professor Conway's Hibbert Lectures for 1932 are here published in book form. Unfortunately no alteration has been made in the style before publication, so that all the colloquialisms and witticisms permissible in a lecture are reproduced. giving to the book an appearance of triviality not warranted either by the subject-matter or by the method of treatment. Professor Conway has brought forward much evidence, not otherwise accessible to the ordinary reader, to show that many of the rites and beliefs of the religion of modern Italy are based on similar rites and beliefs in ancient Italy. One of these interesting survivals is the alphabetic dedication of cathedrals; the Roman Catholic bishop writes with his staff on a bed of ashes the Greek and Latin alphabets diagonally across the floor of the new building. The Anglican rite is much curtailed and is reduced to the writing of Alpha and Omega on a bed of sand. Professor Conway traces this custom to the alphabetic tablets dedicated to the goddess Rehtia, who appears to have been a deity of writing. The chapter dealing with the Etruscan influence on Roman beliefs is perhaps the most interesting. 'To the Etruscan period we must ascribe the institution of the Colleges, of Pontiffs and Augurs, who between them, with the help of the Haruspices, were responsible for the ritual of public religion. No meeting of the Senate or people could be held, no war could be declared, no battle could be begun without the sanction of heaven, which it was the business of the Augur and the soothsayer to seek'. The Etruscans appear to have been responsible also for the conception of a Hell of torture for the wicked as well as for the dogma that it was possible to buy in this life immunity from those tortures; a dogma extremely lucrative for the priests. The last three chapters of the book are devoted to Vergil as the precursor of Christianity. The ethical value of the works of that great poet is carefully assessed, and the condition of unrest in Vergil's time is compared with the present day. Professor Conway points out emphatically that the ideal which Vergil maintained against the cruelty and savagery of his period was 'the conception of peace by forgiveness, of conciliation instead of punishment—in a word, the ideal of mercy'.

### Dr. Salter: Diary and Reminiscences, 1849-1932 Compiled by J. O. Thompson. Lane. 12s. 6d.

Dr. Salter lived the greater part of his days in an Essex village But his diary is the record of a singularly full and varied life. As medical man, he preferred the arduous round of his country practice to the excitement of a specialist's career in London, but he added to his daily and nightly tasks those of sportsman, freemason, dog-breeder and horticulturist. He achieved unusual distinction in all these spheres and he gave to all of them a zestful devotion that made them all seem full-time occupations. The well-nigh daily entries in his diary are usually bare, even staccato, factual statements, but his full-blooded galvanic personality cannot be concealed. There is no shadow of a sign that he neglected either his patients or his dogs or his garden, and his elevation to the highest ranks of freemasonry proves that he did not give to that the attention only of a side-line. The wide span of his life gives his diary value as an historian's document: the changing patterns of behaviour from mid-Victorian times to yesterday are reflected in it, and even the increasing urgency of politics is, all unconsciously, mirrored in its pages. What lingers most in the memory, perhaps, is the frequent picturing of his sporting career. Dr. Salter was in great request as a judge of dogs, and he gives brief and living accounts of his trips to St. Petersburg (as it was then) and Moscow, of the folk he met there and their attractive hospitality. The entries relating to the war years have been cut down so that only eyents of local interest remain. The loss is not serious as Dr. Salter's best days were over by then. The reminiscences follow the diary proper, and cover a wide range of topics, varying from coaching stories to Spitzbergen, with a preference for sporting adventures of all sorts. Dr. Salter's Diary makes entertaining reading, and was thoroughly worth publication.

## New Novels

Matador. By Marguerite Steen. Gollancz. 8s.

In a Province. By Laurens van der Post. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

The Woman Who Had Imagination and Other Stories. By H. E. Bates. Cape. 7s. 6d.

### Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

ATADOR and In a Province are both a little difficult to judge as novels, for both deal with forms of existence which are strange to the general reader. Miss Steen is concerned with Spanish bull-fighters, Mr. van der Post with the mixed black and white population of South Africa. Unfamiliarity with any mode of life makes it romantic in our eyes, whether the writer is trying to produce a romantic impression or the opposite. Miss Steen, one feels, has a genuinely romantic conception of Spanish life; Mr. van der Post, on the other hand, is resolved in his picture of South African life to be faithfully realistic. Yet his black hero, the boy Kenon, is just as romantic a figure as Miss Steen's fine old matador; we do not judge them by our knowledge of the people we know; and there seems nothing left for us to do but to accept them as figures, and if their costumes are æsthetically pleasing, their gestures suitable, their speaking parts effective, to ask nothing more. The fate of such figures can move us, though the causes which bring it about remain a little mysterious. Yet that mystery is pleasing; it gives an illusive poetry to the actions of the characters; we see life, as we would always see it if we could, at one remove. Imaginative contemplation itself can produce this illusion of seeing life at one remove; but in such novels as these two imagination is greatly assisted by geography, and it is very difficult to know how much to put down to geography. This geographical doubt turns the characters into mere pictures of human beings, and they seem both far away and near, as if we were watching them through a very strong telescope, observing their lips moving, their expressions changing, yet aware all the time that they are an immovable distance away and can never come nearer.

One has to make this reservation in writing about Miss Steen's book; but otherwise it is a very admirable and even impressive piece of work. The picture of Spanish life is astonishingly vivid; the figures, whatever they are made of, are extraordinarily solid; and the author reproduces the very feel and smell of the streets of Granada, where most of the action passes. Her landscapes, houses, men, women, bulls, horses, dogs, have all the same admirable plastic force; everything she sees turns into a complete and rounded picture. The most successful character in the book is the old matador Don José himself, and he is the most successful character because he is a deliberately self-dramatised figure, all of whose gestures have been stylised until he has become a living mask. With his eldest son Pepé, who is also a self-dramatiser and a bull-fighter, Miss Steen is almost equally successful; but the two other sons, Miguel the hunchback revolutionist and Juan the poet, who have no set mask to display to the world, are curiously unconvincing, although even to them the author manages to give a finely-wrought surface. This is her description of Juan as a boy, and it is a good example of her descriptive powers:

powers:

The youngest son of El Bailarín had all the frail and spurious aristocracy of feature and demeanour which lends, in the eyes of sentimental foreign ladies, a false romanticism to Spanish youths: the full-orbed eye, liquid and languid, partly veiled by its lids of inexpressible indolence and partly by the thick fringe of jet-black lashes that cast an umber shadow into the transparency of the cheek below; a rose-like mouth that closed over teeth of milky whiteness. The face owed much of its beauty to its weakness; to the effeminacy of the small pointed chin, to the sensitive nostrils that articulated the fine aquiline nose. It is a classic type which nature has perpetuated among a people whose aristocracy comes from the soil that breeds them; you may come across it in the sons of grandees and in little republicans brawling eyer their futbol in the side-streets; matadors have it, and watersellers; a beggar will suddenly raise his head to startle you with a profile which one feels originated on a canvas by Velasquez.

Except for the final rhetorical flourish, that is an excellent

Except for the final rhetorical flourish, that is an excellent description of a mask; but Juan is not, like his father, a mask, but a poor youth persecuted by fears and doubts, and so he is not convincing in the least; he makes an admirable figure, but he has no living substance. The same is true of Pilar, the young girl with whom he falls in love (a sort of mineral love), with her mystical ecstasies and her inviolable innocence. Yet the book is throughout so extraordinarily pictorial that we accept these figures in spite of their unreality. The story itself

has something of the quality of the bull-fight which is so brilliantly described towards the end; it is all form and movement governed by a law which we take on trust but never grasp from the inside. Miss Steen, in short, shows Spanish life, or rather an excerpt from it, moving within a set of rules as on a chess board. That makes the story exciting, but exciting merely as a game or spectacle. It is when, towards the end, the action transcends the framework in which it is confined and the drama of Don José's relation to his sons becomes tragic in the accepted sense, that the weaknesses of the presentation become really crucial. The concluding chapters are feeble. But apart from that the book is a fine piece of pictorial presentation; it provides a succession of brilliant scenes which remain in one's memory by virtue of their sheer vividness and exactitude. Miss Steen is a writer of great skill, with an unusually fine eye for detail. Her style at its best is eloquent and coloured, and there are few signs of haste in a long and sustained story, though she falls occasionally into such awkward constructions as the following: 'The talk turned, as usual, on bull-fighting, but was maintained, at least by da Vaiga, on a higher and more philosophical plane than usual. It is unusual to meet with philosophers among aficionadas.

In a Province is still more difficult to estimate than Matador, for it not only deals with a form of existence that is unfamiliar to us, but with the whole problem of the relations between the black and the white races in South Africa. Mr. van der Post is a writer of genuine sensibility and intelligence, and this book shows that he is capable of interesting us by the mere excellence of his imagination alone. One of his aims in it, however, is to show the callous injustice with which the South African natives are treated by some of the colonists. He shows this clearly, and on that side the book completely justifies itself; it is a moving indictment. But there is a danger that the practical aim of the story may help to obscure its high literary virtues: its sensitive perception and its psychological discrimination. There are exquisite passages in it: for instance, the first introduction of Kenon Badiakgotla, the young Kaffir boy, some of the descriptions of pastoral scenes, and the whole chapter on the first feverish stages of Johan van Bredepoel's illness. The design of the story is unfortunately determined by its propagandist aim, and that makes it somewhat artificial and theoretical. The friendship between the white man and the black, which is its chief theme, is never convincing, and its real beauties are incidental ones. But they are so rare that one looks forward eagerly to the author's next book. The present one is a courageous protest against the demoralisation of the helpless natives of South Africa, and its sobriety of statement makes it very effective. Nevertheless, one feels that Mr. van der Post's real talent is for pure literature.

Mr. Bates is also a writer of fine sensibility and natural poetic power, and his latest volume of short stories should add to his deservedly high reputation. All his work has shown an exquisite awareness of and delight in the world opened to us by the senses; and that awareness, that delight seem to grow keener as his skill in rendering them increases. In the present volume he gives evidence of a new subtlety in the management of his impressions, and 'The Woman Who Had Imagination', the title story, is an extremely skilful piece of work, charming us in several ways simultaneously: by its ingenuity of arrangement, its studied casualness, and the lovely freshness of every detail. One or two of the stories—'The Lily' is an example—are a little cheapened by professionally clever endings, which are not required by an artist so true and sensitive as Mr. Bates, and have the effect almost of a disfigurement. But that does not count seriously when set against the truth and poetry which fill the book and make it one of the most purely delightful that have appeared recently.

Mr. Muir also recommends: Oil for the Lamps of China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Cassell); General Buntop's Miracle and Other Stories, by Martin Armstrong (Gollancz); Out of Life, by Myron Brinig (Cobden-Sanderson); Orchards of the Sun, by C. Henry Warren (Lovat Dickson); We Poor Miserable Devils, by Hilding Ostland (Cassell)—all at 7s. 6d.